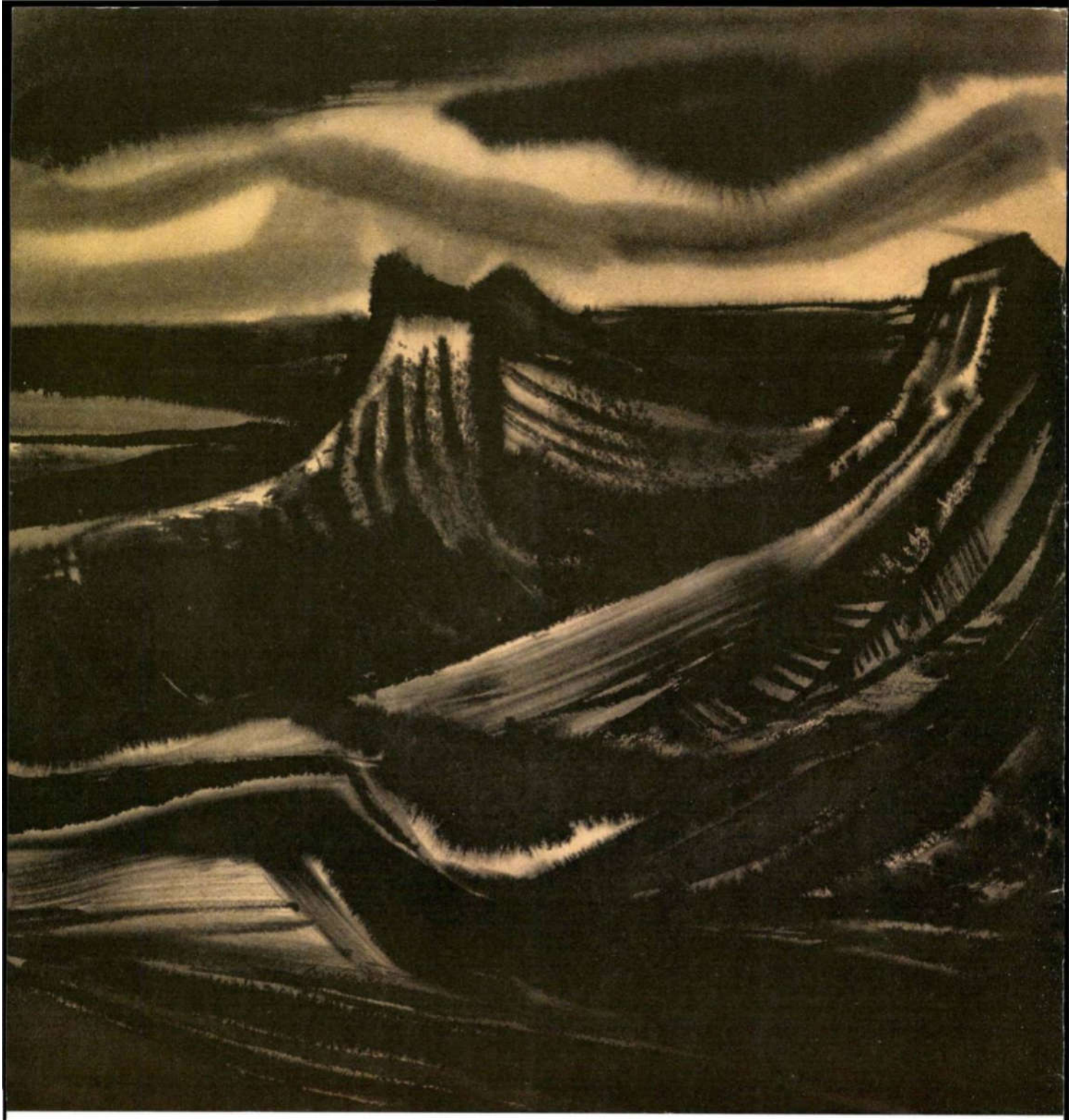
The Beaver

WINTER 1963



THIS IS THE ARCTIC – specially interpreted by painter George Swinton – Canada's newest frontier served now, as in the past, by the men of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hudson's Bay Company.

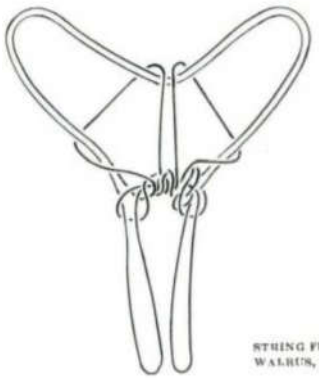
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

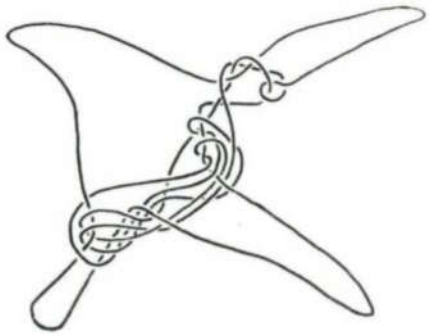
WINTER 1963
OUTFIT 294
$2 A YEAR

The Beaver

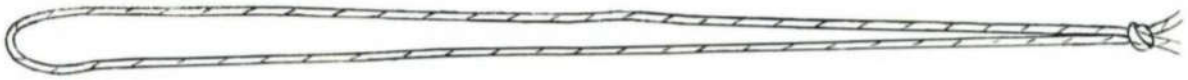
MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus





STRING FIGURES
WALRUS, HAVEN



CONTENTS

CAPTAIN COATS AND THE EAST MAIN 4
Glyndwr Williams

THE NASKAPI CHILD 14
Alika and Ray Webber

ESKIMO STRING FIGURES 18
Vera Fidler

ANDERSON RIVER AND FORT 22
E. O. Hohn

STORY IN STONE 30
Johnny Innukpuk

32 PRIME MINISTER'S SON GOES WEST
H. A. Stevenson

44 CARVINGS OF AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE
Thomas H. Ainsworth

50 THE CASUAL KOGMOLIKS
W. G. Crisp

54 NORTHERN BOOKS

58 OJIBWA TALES
Elizabeth E. Cass

COVER

Eskimo string game. Photograph by Rosemary Gilliat.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

WINNIPEG 1, CANADA

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE

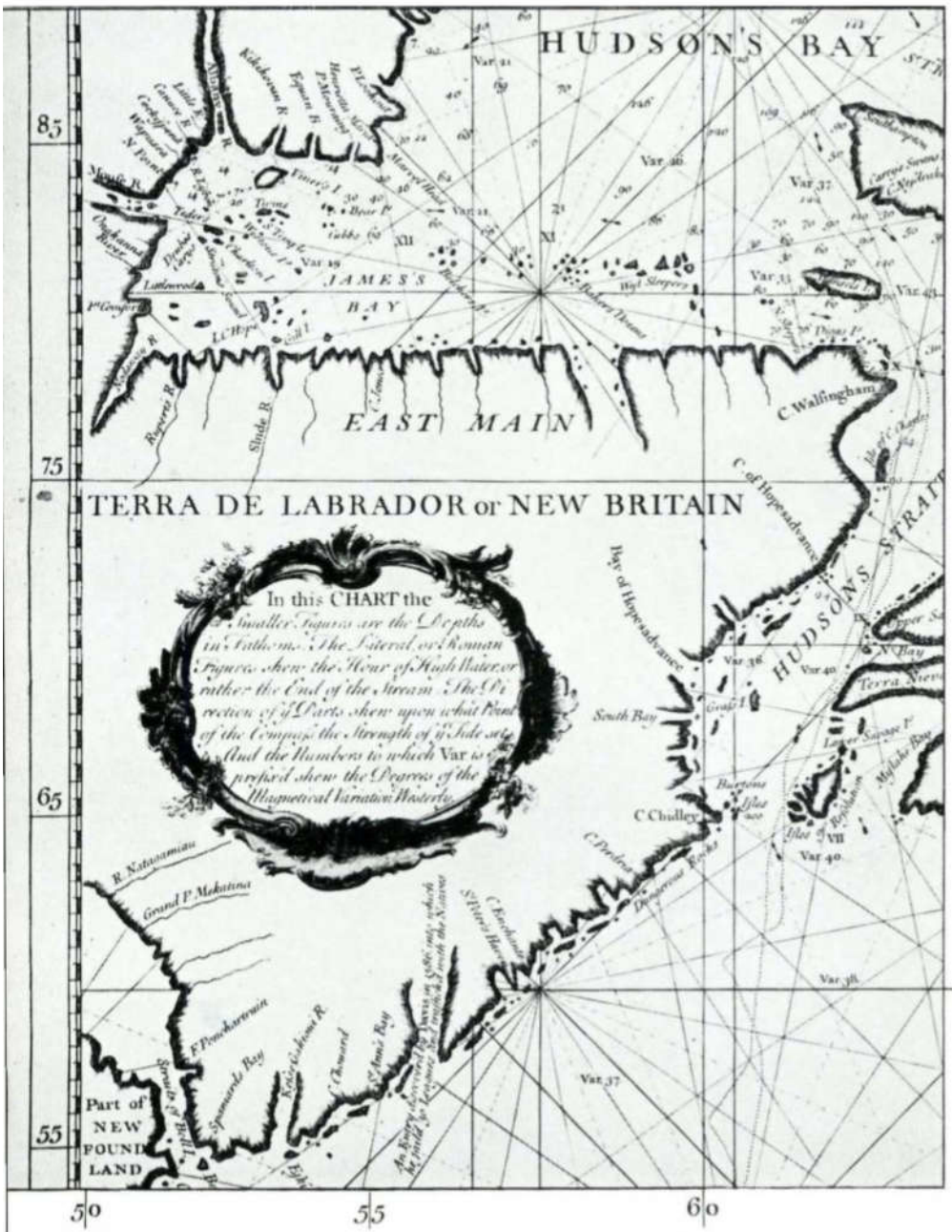
Published by The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, known as the Hudson's Bay Company. The interests of THE BEAVER cover the territory with which the Company has been or is now associated. Annual subscription, $2; three years for $5; single copy, 50 cents. While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Contents copyright. Printed in Canada.

©1963, Hudson's Bay Company

Captain Coats and Exploration along the East Main

by Glyndwr Williams
lecturer in history at
the University of London

Acknowledgement is gratefully made to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to use material from Company archives and to reproduce the maps



Map 1. Section of Christopher Middleton's "Chart of Hudson's Bay and Straits . . ." 1743. From the map collection of Dr A. E. MacDonald

AN ASPECT of the Hudson's Bay Company's history which has always intrigued scholars and roused critics is the comparative slowness with which the vast territories granted to the Company by the charter of 1670 were explored and mapped. The disinclination of the Company's servants in the early years to leave the shores of Hudson Bay and venture inland is well enough known, and has been discussed at length. What is perhaps less appreciated is that seventy years after the grant of the charter there was still no map—either published or hidden away among the Company's records—which laid down with any accuracy the general shape of the Bay itself. Even the coastline from Rupert River to York Factory was far from adequately charted; and for the rest, maps were little more informative than those constructed by Foxe and James a century earlier.

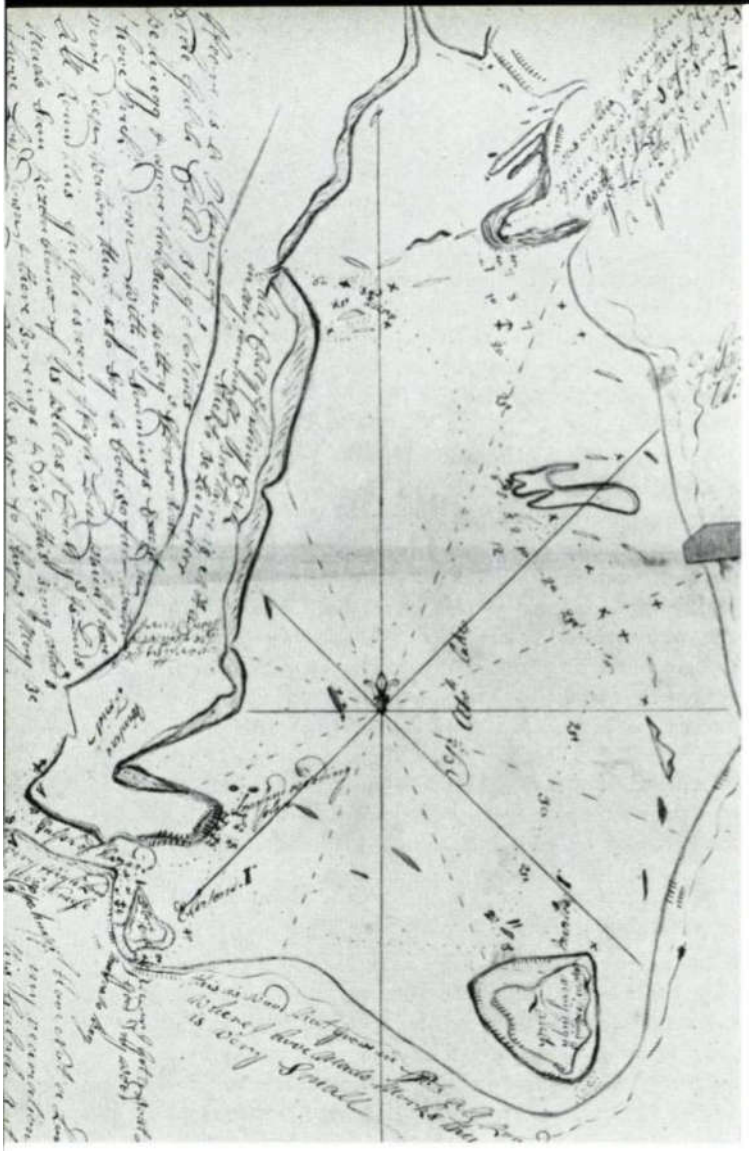
Few serious attempts were made to dispel the mist of ignorance which hung over much of Hudson Bay until the 1740s, when naval and private expeditions which defied the Company's monopoly in order to search for the Northwest Passage mapped most of the west coast. Unfortunately, the degree of attention paid to those controversial voyages, at the time and since, has tended to obscure the less-publicized explorations carried out in the same period on the east coast of the Bay by Company seamen, and notably by Captain William Coats, who commanded an important discovery expedition in 1749.

Before Coats's expedition little systematic exploration of any kind had been carried out along the East Main coast between Rupert River and Cape Digges at the entrance of Hudson Strait. Henry Hudson had sailed near it on his last voyage in 1610, but most subsequent explorers made straight for the opposite side of the Bay, where they confidently expected to find a passage to the Pacific. Nor, at a later date, did the heavily-laden ships of the Hudson's Bay Company approach the east coast of the Bay on their yearly voyages to the trading posts. They normally rounded Mansel Island on its western side, and then kept well outside the island groups off the East Main coast as they sailed towards James Bay or the posts farther west. What little was known of the interior did not tempt the Company to carry out extensive explorations, either by land or sea, north of Rupert River. In the 1720s a small post was built at Slude River (about fifty miles north of Rupert River, and later known as Eastmain River); but the Company's natural lines of expansion from its established Bayside settlements continued to run south and west, not north and east.

The lack of definite knowledge about the East Main at as late a date as 1743 is shown by Christopher Middleton's map of the Bay (map 1). Middleton, who until his resignation in 1741 had been the most skilful navigator in the Company's service, had made a score of voyages to Hudson Bay; and that section of his map showing the eastern parts of the Bay marks a considerable number of offshore islands, the Sleepers, Belchers, and Bakers Dozen among them. But the only noteworthy feature indicated on the mainland opposite is a huge (and imaginary) gulf in latitude 58°N. pointing through the Labrador peninsula towards Hudson Strait.

However, at the same time as Middleton was revealing the limitations of the Company's information about its territories, steps were being taken by the London Committee to explore the East Main; for intriguing reports brought to the master of Eastmain House (at the mouth of Slude River) by Indians coming in to trade from the country farther north had stimulated a new interest in that hitherto neglected region. The Indians insisted that extending right across Labrador near latitude 60°N. were three huge lakes, with plenty of wood, fish and deer, and occupied by both Indians and Eskimos. Although parts of the Indians' story make nonsense if interpreted literally, the description of the great lakes may well have been a garbled reference to three considerable stretches of water between latitudes 56°N. and 57°N.—Richmond Gulf, Clearwater Lake, and Lower Seal Lake—through which the boundary between the Northern Indians and their traditional enemies the Eskimos ran at this time. Certainly the London Committee, after some hesitation, decided to treat the report seriously. With French competition to the south and southeast of James Bay menacing the Company's established trade, the possibility of opening up new trade with Indians and perhaps Eskimos to the north was not to be ignored; and in 1744 two sloops, the *Eastmain* commanded by Thomas Mitchell, and the *Phoenix* commanded by John Longland, were sent north from Moose to explore the coast as far north as latitude 60°N.

The logs kept by the two sloopmasters are still in the Company's archives, and from the scrawled entries can be read the story of a perilous voyage north through a labyrinth of unknown islands, rocks and shallows. Hampered for much of the time by thick, squally weather the expedition edged its way north and charted in rough and ready fashion the entrances of Big River, Great Whale River, and Little Whale River. A few miles north of Little Whale River, where Mitchell and Longland spent some time investigating mineral deposits in the hope of finding silver and diamonds, the sloops reached a deep cleft in the coastline. Through this they were whirled "with such danger", wrote Longland, "that it was 1 chance to 10 thousand when we should be safe", and



Map 2. Thomas Mitchell's sketch-map of "Sr Atwls lake" (Richmond Gulph) 1744, from his "Eastmain" sloop journal in the H B C archives. The comb-like marks indicate "wood that grows . . . all round ye gulph. . . . But it is very small"

found themselves in the calm waters of a large gulf or salt-water lake surrounded by steep wooded slopes and dotted with islands.

The expedition stayed a week exploring this surprising haven, and Mitchell's rough sketch-map (map 2) is the first representation of the stretch of water later known as Richmond Gulf. Already some confusion over nomenclature is evident. The gulf is named on the map "S^{r} Atw^{ls} lake" (a ponderous, perhaps unintentional, pun on the name of the Deputy Governor of the Company, Sir Atwell Lake); but in his log Mitchell referred to "ye Gulph call'd by ye Natives Winipeg but by ye Honbl Companys Leave it shall be Calld ye Muskeetay Gulph for such Numbers I never see nor Nobody along with me before". To complicate matters further, on the map the name "Muscato Bay" is given to a bay just south of the narrow entrance into the gulf. This dangerous bottleneck of a channel, two miles long and in places less than four hundred yards wide, with precipitous cliffs towering up on each side, is marked on the map the "Gulph of Hazard"; but in Longland's log it is given a different though equally ominous name—"Hell Gate". The few other place-names on the little map refer to dignitaries of the Company: the Governor Thomas Knapp, and Committee members John Merle, William Elderton, and James Winter.

The expedition returned to Moose with only half its mission accomplished, for it had sailed no farther north than Richmond Gulf, lying in latitude 56° 15′N. Nevertheless, Mitchell and Longland had explored more than three hundred miles of coastline, and had discovered in Richmond Gulf a possible site for a trading post. Some of the rivers they had briefly investigated on the way north appear to have been known already, at least by repute, to the Company servants (at Great Whale River, for example, Mitchell referred in his log to the river "called by ye English the Great White Whail River"); but the logs and maps remain the earliest documentary evidence of close exploration along the coast north of Cape Jones. Unfortunately, neither sloopmaster was an expert enough navigator or cartographer to set down exactly where the expedition had been, or what it had discovered. The crude sketch-maps drawn by Mitchell, with in one place an endearing but rather damning explanation of a blank space, "all hear are Islands unnumberable and to Pretend to set them down are in vain", show his limitations as an explorer. After the return of the expedition the Company was still little nearer to getting a clear impression of the coast between Slude River and Richmond Gulf, and the region farther north remained completely unknown.

Further exploration was delayed because of war with France, but in 1749, the first year of peace, a discovery expedition left England with instructions to explore the coast between Cape Digges and Richmond Gulf. Two vessels were sent, the 120-ton Company ship *Mary*, commanded by one of the Company's senior captains, William Coats, with Longland as first mate, and the *Success* sloop, commanded by Mitchell. Although the official journals kept on the voyage have disappeared, several maps drawn by Coats have survived, together with some notes which he incorporated into his *Geography of Hudson's Bay*[1].

Motives for the expedition are not difficult to find. There was a natural inclination to finish a task half-

1. Manuscript copies of this work seem to have passed at a later date to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, and to the President of the Royal Society, Sir John Pringle. A copy eventually came into the possession of the nineteenth-century Arctic explorer, Sir Edward Parry, who gave permission for its publication by the Hakluyt Society in 1852. The present location of this manuscript is not known to the writer: information from a descendant of Sir Edward Parry indicates that it is no longer in the family's possession.

completed in 1744. More urgent, it was essential to discover whether there was any truth in the rumours being put around by antagonists of the Company in England that silver and furs in abundance were to be found on the East Main outside the Company's area of trade. In the maps and geographies of the day the Gulf of Hazard and Richmond Gulf were appearing in a new and almost unrecognizable form as "a Passage lately discovered into an inland Sea, 300 Leagues in Circuit", possibly connected by other passages with Hudson Strait or even the Atlantic coast (map 3). With London merchants dropping hints before the investigating Parliamentary Committee of 1749 about their willingness to exploit the trade of the Labrador peninsula, the Company's determination to complete the exploration of the East Main, and to set up a post as far north as possible, is readily understandable.

In Captain Coats the Company was sending one of its most experienced seamen. He had first commanded a Company ship in 1727, and although he had twice lost ships in the ice on voyages to the Bay, and at one time had been accused of trading brandy with the garrison at Albany, he had retained the Committee's confidence. In 1737 he was chosen to supervise the exploration that year of part of the west coast of the Bay, in 1744 he was awarded a gratuity of fifty guineas on account of his "Services and fidelity for many Years past", and his selection to command the discovery expedition of 1749 again marked the trust placed in him by the Committee.

Of Coats's life and background outside his Company service a little more is known than is usual in this period. His will, and the parish records of St. Anne's, Limehouse (in East London), show that he was a family man of some substance. He had six children and owned three houses—two on the Thames waterfront in Ratcliffe, and a third in Stockton, Durham. His wife Mary was the daughter of Thomas Macklish, a prominent servant of the Hudson's Bay Company who in the 1720s rose to hold its most important post, Governor in the Bay. The captain's eldest son, also named William, was following the family tradition: he joined the Company in 1745, and was promoted to third mate on his father's ship three years later. The general impression of Coats which emerges from his writings and from the Company's records is of a forthright, even touchy, character, who on occasion had been involved in sharp quarrels with the post factors in the Bay. He was clearly of an independent turn of mind, and his impatience with the Company for its slowness to explore and exploit its territories lends some weight to the rumours which were circulating in 1748 that Coats had offered his services to the Company to search for the Northwest Passage, but that his proposals had been rejected.

Like his former colleague Middleton, Coats was a seaman who combined with his long practical experience considerable theoretical knowledge of navigation and surveying (his instruments and books were valuable enough to be singled out for mention in his will), and was keenly interested in the geography of Hudson Bay. As he himself put it: "no other person before my time ever collected so many notes, and but very few have had more experience nor better opportunities to explain this geography".

The Committee's instructions to Coats in 1749 were detailed and precise. He was ordered to explore and chart the East Main coast south of Cape Digges, and to search for a safe harbour where a trading post could be established. If he could not find a suitable spot along this previously unexplored stretch of coast he was to choose a site inside the gulf discovered by Mitchell and Longland in 1744. Coats was to make careful notes of mineral deposits, currents and tides, and the latitudes and longitudes of places of interest. He was also to bring home specimens of the country's flora and fauna, and as "good a plan or Draft of the East Main Coast as the Nature of the Voyage will permit".

From Coats's notes, his maps, and the reports made to the Committee, it is possible to follow the course of the expedition fairly closely. After rounding Cape Digges the *Mary* and the *Success* sailed slowly along the mainland coast in fine, clear weather, taking frequent soundings, and anchoring now and again to send the boats ashore. Near Cape Smith the first reasonably good harbour was found, called by Coats Sir Thomas Smith's Sound (probably modern Mosquito Bay); but since it lay exposed to a southwest wind, and the surrounding country was barren, it was unsuitable for a Company post. Between Cape Smith and Portland Promontory,

Aerial view from Richmond Gulf to the Bay along Gulph Hazard. At the end of Castle Peninsula (lower right) Mitchell shows "Longland wooding place." Belanger Island, top left, is the Knapps Isle of Mitchell and Coats

one hundred and thirty miles to the south, stretched a "low, fenny coast . . . so lined with islands, banks, and broken ground, that it is not easy to come at", wrote Coats. Beyond Portland Promontory the nature of the coast changed abruptly. High, bold shores curved away to the southeast, with a sheltered channel inside the offshore islands giving protection to vessels most of the way down to the Gulf of Hazard. The silent desolation of these bleak cliffs was vividly described by Coats in language very different from the terse, businesslike entries found in most Company journals:

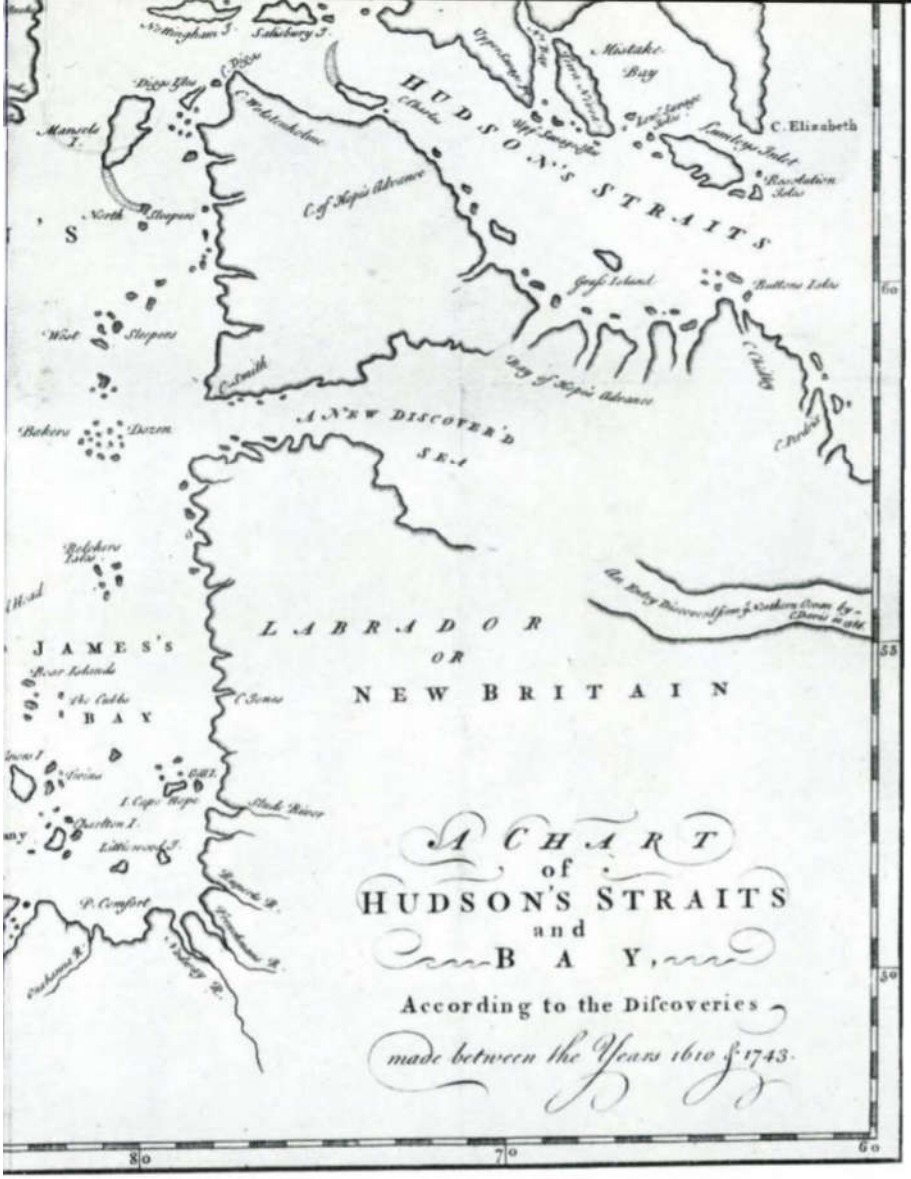
> The barren, bare rocks which border this whole coast, produces no living creature; even the snow ponds which face the sun, and are sufficiently heated, has not one living thing in them; no aquatick, no worm, no insect, but muskeeta's; no berrys, no seed, no food for Gods creatures, neither by land nor water, for we tryed our netts every where . . . when we go ashore, there is so profound silence, such awefull precipices, no cackling, chirping, squeeking, on land or water; all nature seams asleep, that we could hardly immagine ourselves awake, and uppon the earth, untill we scale those lofty summits, and see those sparkling saphires, which display'd their glories on the face of the sun.

From the mainland coast the ships passed into a different world as they negotiated the swirling winds and currents of the Gulf of Hazard and entered the quiet waters of Richmond Gulf, or Artiwinipeck, the Indian name by which Coats invariably called it. Again, the Captain's own sentences best describe the transition, and if in places they are reminiscent of the high-flown, turgid prose often adopted by English travellers of the period to describe some beauty spot they had visited on the Grand Tour, this perhaps adds point to the effect Coats was anxious to make as he wrote:

> When I first entred the sea of Artiwinipeck, I was struck with the amazing grandour and beauty of the place, those asstonishing mountains which border the sound are so adorned with such beautifull verdure, and trees in such decorum and order, as if art had conspired with nature to make those tremendious hills more delightfull, where those rows of evergreens ascend stratum super stratum up to their very summitts, form a most delightfull border, and down to the very sea, to adorn and embellish that prodigious mountain.
>
> On the right appears Lady Lakes Grove, under a stupendous mountain, from whence falls a vissable cascade, which throws itself in serpentine folds in many streams through that grove into the sea, refreshing and enlivening all the verdure near it . . . The sea contributes its part by affording plenty of water, and is so indented with points and islands innumerable, scattered here and there, as never to be boisterous nor dangerous, near which you have anchorage and anchor ground every where.
>
> The bottam is coverd with fine muscles, and sea-eggs, and clamms, and spouts, and scallops, and other shell-fish, which allures those shoals of fish you see come through the sound every day, as well as those salmon, titimegg, and lake fish, which abounds in every place within the gulph. The seels in the gulph are innumerable, and the fish-fowl covers the waters uppon the influx, but rest and retire on the ebb.
>
> The hunting grounds all show how well they are stockt at proper seasons; partridge and duck always thus furnished for the subsistance and recreation of fish, of fowl, of beasts, and men, we had some reason to expect to meet with the footsteps and traces of many tribes of Indians, which we did every where in our progress round that sea; and deer in herds, not only in those numberless declivities, but on all the islands we touched att.
>
> In short, such is the beautifull situation of Lady Lakes Grove, the awfull grandure of Mount Eden, the delightfull groves of Grove Sound, the towring grotto and inchanting vine yard, and elegant situation of Richmond Fort [to be established in 1750] and the inimitable borders of Winters Mort Lake, as is not to be parrelled in Hudsons Bay, if in the whole world.

The maps drawn by Coats and presented to the Governor and Committee after his return matched the attractive word-picture he painted of Richmond Gulf. Four maps have survived (three in the Company archives at Beaver House, and one at the Hydrographic Department of the British Admiralty), together with several rough sketches. The earliest map, dedicated to the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, is dated 1749 (it is not shown here because of the difficulty of clearly reproducing its blurred lines and extensive passages of descriptive notes); but entries in the Committee's minute book referring to "a new Draft of Gulf Hazard and Winipeke Bay and also his Draft of the Coast on the Eastmain Side of the Bay down to the said Gulph" indicate that the two maps included here (4 and 5) were drawn in the winter of 1750-51. The map of Artiwinipeck (5) is a clearer copy of the 1749 maps, although lacking title, dedication and descriptive notes.

The map in the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, entitled "Richmond Fort and parts adjacent", is dated 1750, and shows the coast as far south as Great Whale River. The focal point of interest on the maps is clearly Richmond Gulf: the names, the legends, the slightly pictorial style of cartography, all help to sustain the romantic tone of Coats's description. Since Mitchell and Longland had made little effort to give names to the natural features of the area in 1744, Coats had all the privileges of the first discoverer in this respect, and he made good use of them—on the map

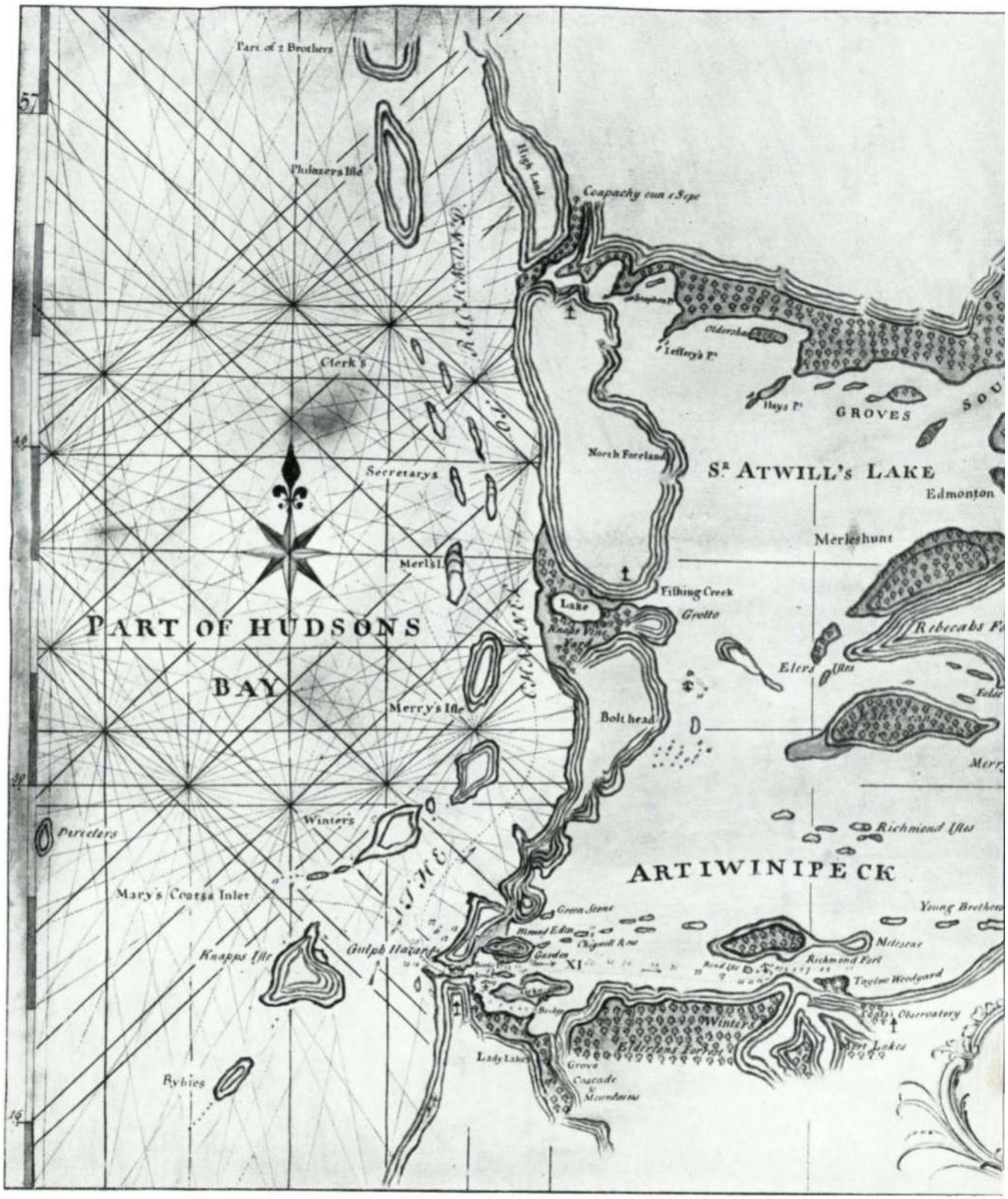


Map 3. Section of T. S. Drage's "Chart of Hudson's Straits and Bay" from his book "An Account of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage . . ." published in London in 1748

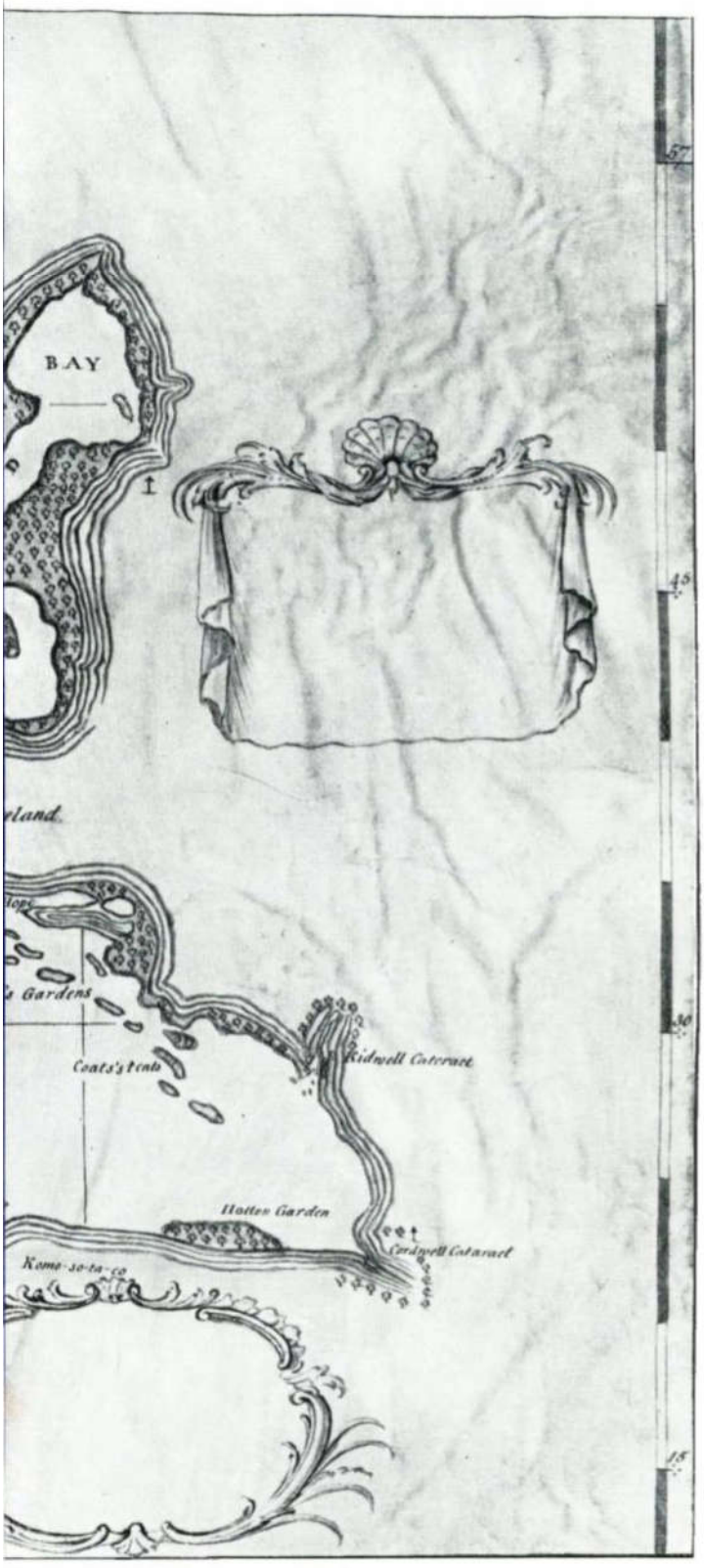
in the Hydrographic Department there are more than fifty place-names.

The names given by Coats fall into four main categories. Where known, Indian names seem to have been retained: Artiwinipeck for the gulf, and Metesene for the island near its south shore where Coats chose a site for the Company post. Then there were those places named after relatives, friends, and superiors: Mary Coats's Inlet (after the Captain's wife), Taylor's Woodyard (after one of his closest friends), and Winter's Isle (after a Committee member). Other names were purely descriptive: Iron Point, Copper Mountain, and Bush Isle. Finally, Coats turned to his home in England, and even if there was not the evidence of his will that Coats lived in Limehouse, one could make a good guess from the maps that he was a Londoner, and probably an East Londoner. On these maps of the distant East Main coast appear names familiar to all Londoners: Stepney, Limehouse, Ratcliffe, and Spital Square—all in East London where so many seamen lived; Hatton Garden near the City; Chelsea and Mortlake on the Thames farther west; and Chigwell in Essex. The name Richmond, first given to the new Company post, and later to the gulf itself, may have been taken from the Thames-side town or the town in Yorkshire, or possibly from the Duke of Richmond (one of the Company's sloops in this period was named after him).

Few of these names have survived. Metesene is now Cairn Island. Of the islands off the mainland coast which can be identified "Bybies" is Flint Island, "Knapps Isle" Belanger Island, and "Winter's" Anderson Island —all named after nineteenth-century servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hopewell Point (or Head) and Portland Promontory remain, as do a few of the older names of the island groups farther out in the Bay—Bakers Dozen, Two Brothers, and the Sleepers—but



Map 4. Parchment map of part of Hudson Bay and Artiwinipeck (Richmond Gulph) by William



Coats, 1750-1, hitherto unpublished

applied now to different islands from those marked on the maps of Middleton and Coats.

From a technical point of view the maps leave much to be desired. The pattern of rhumb-lines on them shows that Coats relied on the running-traverse system of coastal surveying; still in common use until more precise methods were introduced in the second half of the eighteenth century by Murdoch MacKenzie, James Cook and others. MacKenzie briefly described how a running-traverse survey was made when he referred to "the usual way of sailing along the land, taking the bearings of the headlands by a sea compass, and guessing out the distance by eye or log line". It was a quick method of charting a coast from the sea, but it suffered from the disadvantages that its accuracy depended on a true measurement of the ship's speed, and that since only prominent points were fixed by compass intersection (and the rest of the coastline was sketched in by eye) errors were frequent.

Certainly this is the case with Coats's maps. Few of the islands off the East Main coast can be identified with any confidence despite Coats's claim that the islands between Hopewell Head and the Gulf of Hazard "are so remarkable one from another, that I have not scrupled to assine names to all of them, and distinguish them so to futurity, so necessary to make this coast inteligable". A 10′ or 15′ error in latitude occurs in several places. Hopewell Head, for example, is shown too far south, and is drawn in exaggerated form. Even Richmond Gulf is far from accurately delineated. Instead of resembling a slim isosceles triangle pointing north it appears on the maps as a rather squat outline with two eastern prongs—a distortion probably explained by Coats drawing most of its shoreline by eye, and mistakenly assuming that the lakes just northeast of the gulf formed part of it.

But despite these deficiencies, many of which are attributable to the haste with which Coats had to carry out his survey, the maps represent a considerable step forward (as comparison with Middleton's map of 1743 shows) and an impressive achievement for one short season's work. For the first time the Company had in its possession detailed maps of the East Main coast, with soundings, currents and tides marked, all the way from Cape Digges to Great Whale River, a distance of more than five hundred miles in a straight line. They were maps which could be used in planning settlement and trade, or if necessary could be produced to demonstrate the absurdity of current rumours that the difficult passage through Hudson Strait could be by-passed by a more southerly route through the middle of the Labrador peninsula which entered Hudson Bay about halfway

along the East Main coast. But like so many maps drawn by Company explorers in this period of commercial secrecy and rivalry those by Coats were never published. There was a time-lag of some forty years before the most important details from them found their way onto printed maps; and not until Aaron Arrowsmith's maps in the last decade of the century did the outline of the East Main coast at last appear in recognizable form.

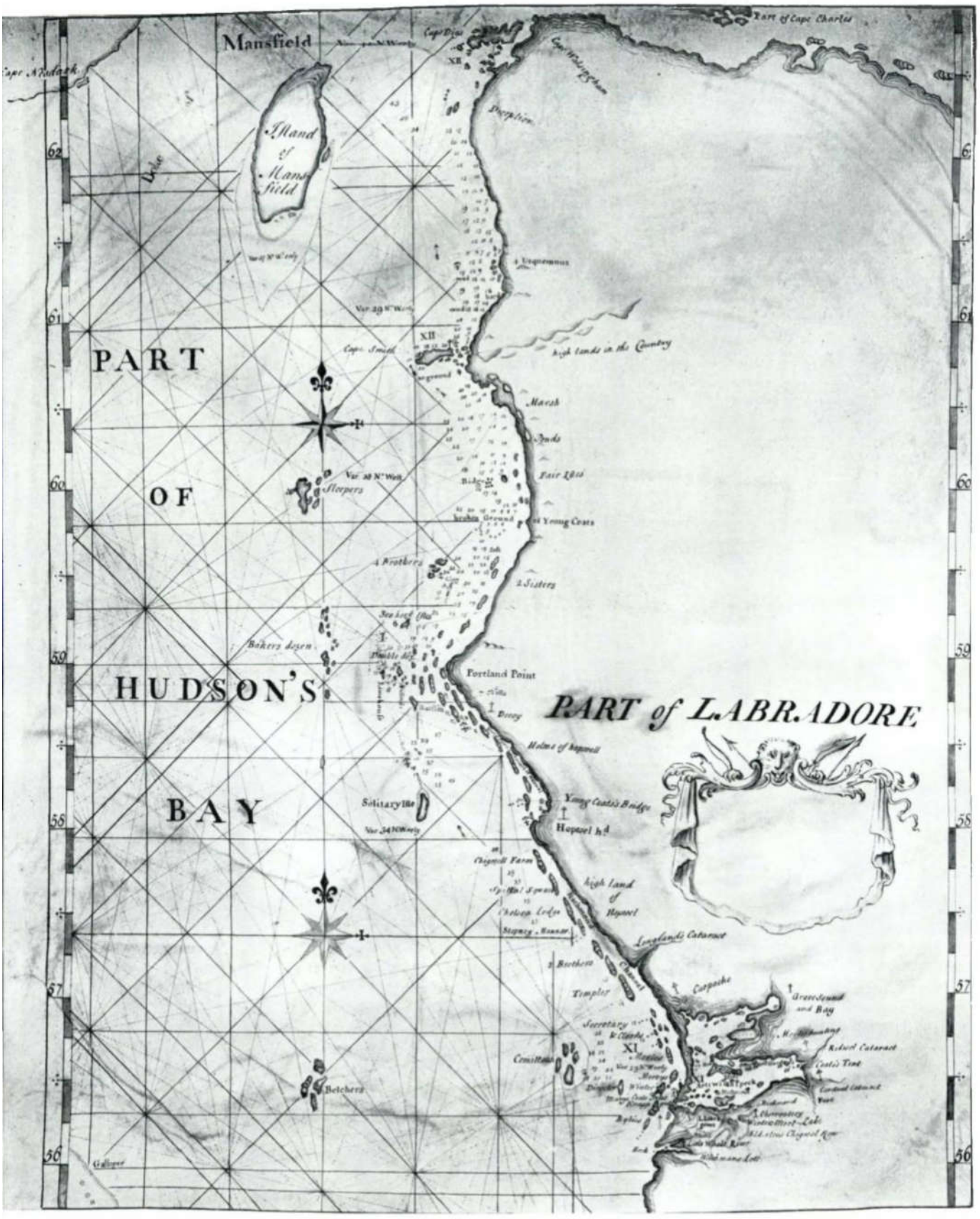
What failed to emerge from Coats's enthusiastic recommendations, based on the experience of a short summer stay in Richmond Gulf, were the disadvantages of the spot as a site for a permanent trading post. Most of these disadvantages were not revealed until after the establishment of Richmond Fort in 1750; but one at least was forcibly brought home to Coats. Although he briefly referred in his notes to the difficulty of navigating the Gulf of Hazard, wryly pointing out that the Indians had a most expressive word for the gulf, "Qua-qua-chick-iwan—it swallows quickly", Coats nowhere mentioned that in 1749 the *Mary* received such damage in getting through the narrow channel that (in the words of the London Committee) it "must have sunk a ship of less strength". When the vessel was examined on her return to England she was found to be so badly strained that the Committee decided that she was not worth repairing, and a new ship was built. But in general the Committee was clearly satisfied with Coats's work. He was given substantial gratuities of £100 and (in 1751, after handing in his maps) £80; and he commanded the supply expeditions to the new post at Richmond Gulf in 1750 and 1751.

This display of confidence by the Committee in Coats, and the importance of his explorations, make the story of his last days the more tragic. Among the routine entries in the Committee's minute book dealing with the winding-up of the Company voyages of 1751, the paying of the crews, and the sale of the cargoes, is a longer, unexpectedly dramatic entry on 28 November 1751:

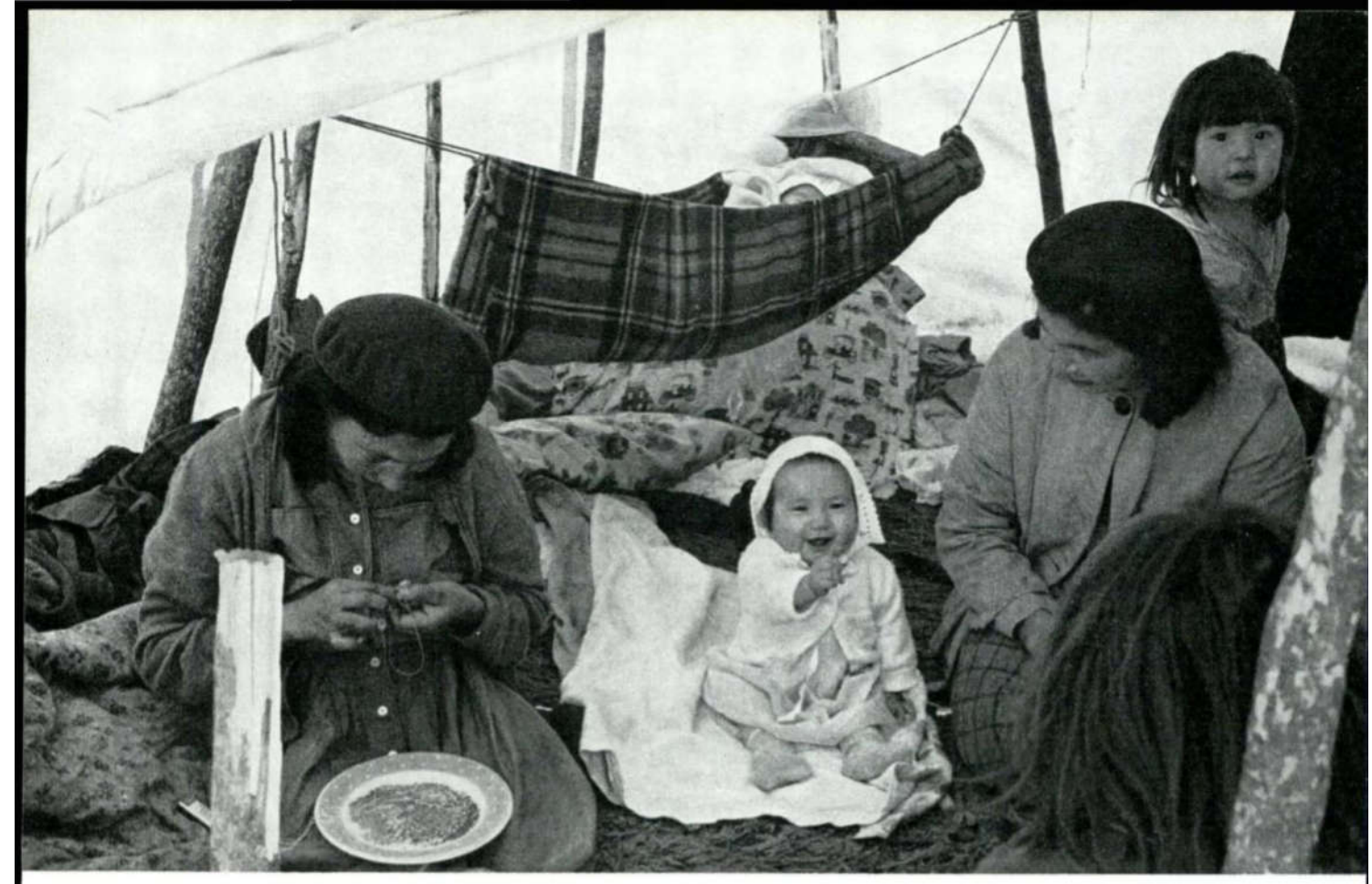
> Sir Atwill Lake Bart. acquainted the Committee that Mr. Pell (the executor of Mr Pilgrim who was formerly the Chief Factor of the Company's Settlement at Prince of Wales's Fort and last at Moose Fort in Hudsons Bay) had Informed him of a Clandestine Trade carried on by Capt Wm Coats; and had furnished him with several Letters, Accounts, and other Papers relating thereto, the which he laid before the Committee; who fully Examined and Considered the Contents thereof; and then called in Capt Coats and told him of the Information they had Received, and the Cause they had to Suspect, he had defrauded the Company by carrying on a Clandestine Trade greatly to their prejudice, and contrary to the Fidelity he owed the Company. He at first endeavoured to Excuse himself, but finding the Proofs contained in the Papers (many of which were of his own hand writing and Signing) so strong an Evidence against him, he at last owned he was Guilty of the Offence he was accused of, and Submitted himself to the Committee, who Ordered him to withdraw.
>
> And the Committee maturely taking into Consideration, this Case and the Circumstances relating to, Resolved that the said Capt Coats be discharged the Companys Service.

The Committee was, by the standards of the time, humane and sympathetic in its dealings with its servants; but Coats had broken one of the Company's most rigid rules, and despite his twenty-five years' service there could be no leniency for him. The key figures in the Company's continual struggle against illicit trading by its employees were the ships' captains and the factors in the Bay, and each year lengthy paragraphs of their instructions were devoted to the strict precautions they were to take to prevent private trade. The whole elaborate system of checks and counter-checks would be useless if captains and factors conspired together to evade it, and the Committee's decision to dismiss Coats was the only possible one under the circumstances. He had been treated generously by the Committee, with gratuities amounting to £180 over and above his normal salary in the previous two years. He had systematically abused his position in a way which had done considerable harm to the Company, and he had made a mockery of the trust placed in him by the Committee.

The episode forms a depressing story of human weakness and folly, but there is an even more melancholy footnote to add to it. Within a few weeks of his dismissal Coats was dead. In one of the older standard histories of the Company the assertion is made that Coats killed himself. This may be so, but the present writer has not found the slightest evidence of suicide. Neither the Company archives, the newspapers of the time, the records of the court administering Coats's will, nor the St Anne's parish register noting his burial in January 1752, give any indication that the captain took his own life. But, regardless of the cause of death, to die dismissed and disgraced was a sad end for a sturdy character who, whatever his faults, had served the Company well in his day and particularly by his explorations along the East Main. The Hakluyt Society, when it published Coats's notes in 1852, did much to rescue the captain's name from the obscurity into which it had fallen; and it is hoped that now, more than two centuries after his death, the publication for the first time of two of Coats's maps, and an account of his surveys, will help to set more firmly in perspective the work of this eighteenth-century explorer of Hudson Bay. ◆



Map 5. William Coats's map of the East Main coast from Cape Digges to Little Whale River, 1750-1



THE NASKAPI CHILD

by Alika and Ray Webber

THERE SEEMS TO BE a vast gap in behaviour and generally in outlook on life between the Labrador Indian and the white Canadian citizen. And whenever they meet the gap is felt, observed, and sometimes resented. Perhaps the key to the unpredictable stranger of our north lies in a closer understanding of the Indian child, the education it receives and the conditions it must of necessity endure.

The Naskapi child never complains, it rarely cries. Life in the bush—where cold and hunger are its constant companions—has created a stoical child. Or in the words of the Labrador chief Shusheship, known as Joe Rich: "When we have no food at all, children stop play, they will just lie in the tent."

At the age of one to two the child begins to eat alone, starts to fend for itself, slapping out at husky puppies to keep them from eating its food. The parents are affectionate and their attitude is that, "the child—up to the age of about six—does not understand, does not know, hence it need not obey."

A seven year old has to do some work, not because of a conscious educational effort on part of the parents but out of sheer necessity. However, the dogmatic attitude of western society: "You do as you are told understand it or not," is entirely lacking in Indian education. The approach being rather: "You are now becoming an equal in age and understanding, participating in tasks, where everyone does his share, the way it has always been done."

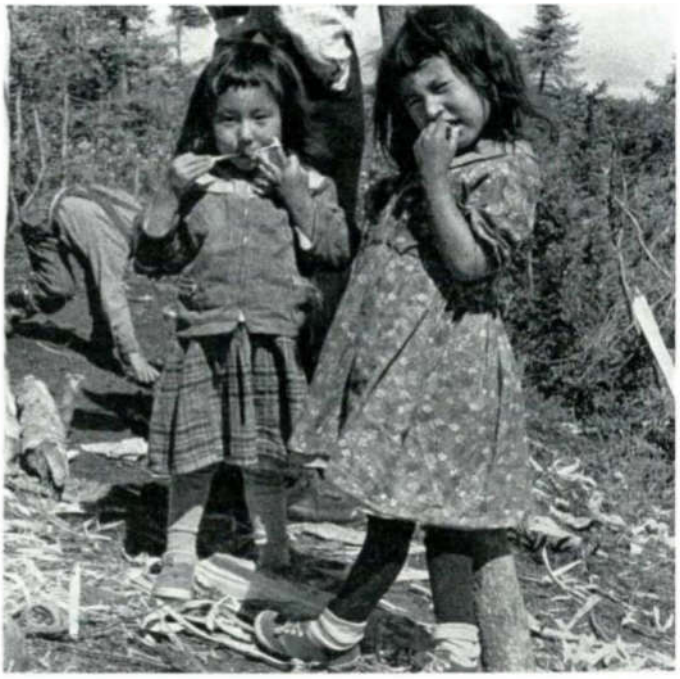
In the words of the Naskapi chief: "A good child is a good hunter, a boy good at listening to what his father says and following his instructions, as the girl does her mother's. A bad child is one who doesn't get much of anything."

At about seven the boy begins to chop wood and experiment with toy

Alika Podolinsky Webber is an anthropologist who has worked in Labrador on assignment for the National Museum; her husband is a free-lance photographer

traps, often hunting and fishing with his father. The girl—taught and helped by her mother—makes her first pair of moccasins and does some cooking. Children will also fetch water, no small task in the dead of winter where the temperature drops lower than 40° below zero and the nearest water hole may be half a mile from the camp site.

When travelling a child that can stand on its legs and walk will carry something, even if it is only a small bundle. Boys of about thirteen are usually the trail breakers of the group, which constantly moves in the eternal search for food; these boy leaders travel half a mile ahead of the other people and they would rather drop



than give up their position. For nine months of a year the Naskapi travels constantly, covering thousands of miles. The Davis Inlet band, some of whom are shown in these photographs taken at their summer rallying place, travel as far north as Ungava Bay on Hudson Strait and south to Seven Islands on the St Lawrence. A good knowledge of environment is essential. For this reason the Naskapi boy will often be adopted by a family which is travelling into an area his own parents do not intend going to in the near future. When fully grown the Naskapi hunter knows his territory, he will never get lost. The Naskapi is proud of this knowledge and when comparing himself with the wretched white man who can't walk a few yards into the bush without getting lost, you can see one of his rare, superior, smiles.

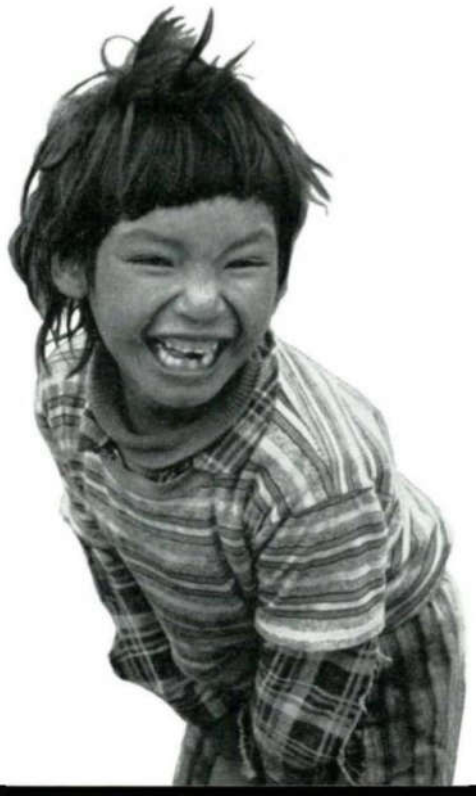
Although life is hard, often grim and sometimes hopeless it is not looked upon this way by the Indian who primarily enjoys himself. Old and young are constantly together

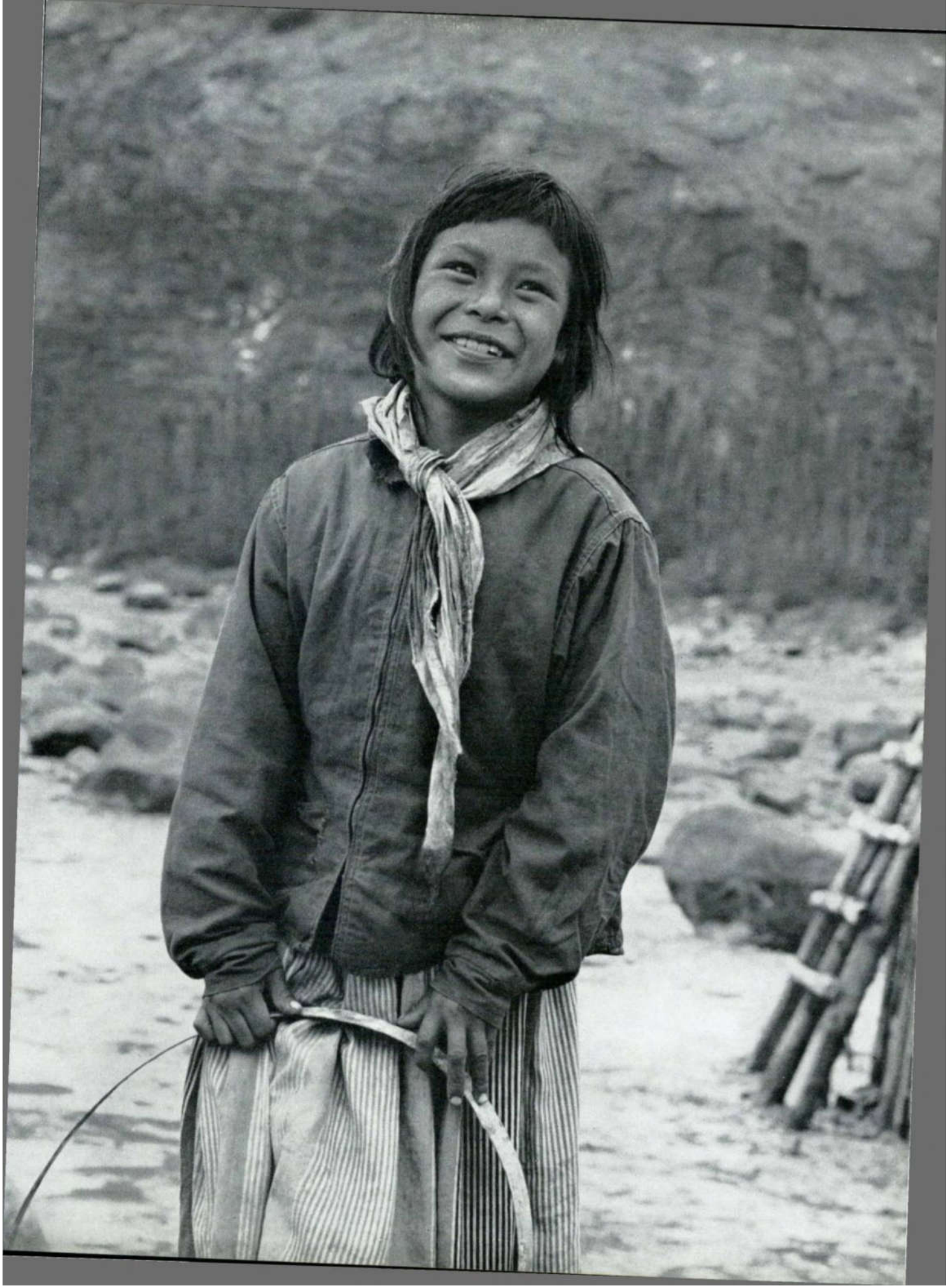
older has to impose on the younger for the latter's benefit has usually prevailed. Life may well become drudgery, something to be endured. The Naskapi Indian gives his child an education which enables it to survive but, more than that, it is able to enjoy life.

We impose and endure. The Naskapi shares and enjoys. ◆

and happy in each other's company, often resembling a group of school friends on a hunting and fishing trip where the main purpose is to enjoy every moment of the day. There is no imposing by the older on the younger, less experienced, although leadership and guidance are acknowledged. Missing a seal, caribou, or goose is not looked upon as a crime, lack of skill or effort, but is greeted by all with laughter even if the food situation is grim and the party does not know where the next meal will be coming from. The beliefs of their people are learnt by the children during the long winter evenings as they listen to the many stories that are told by their elders.

Western civilization has experimented with many educational systems. The authoritarian view that the



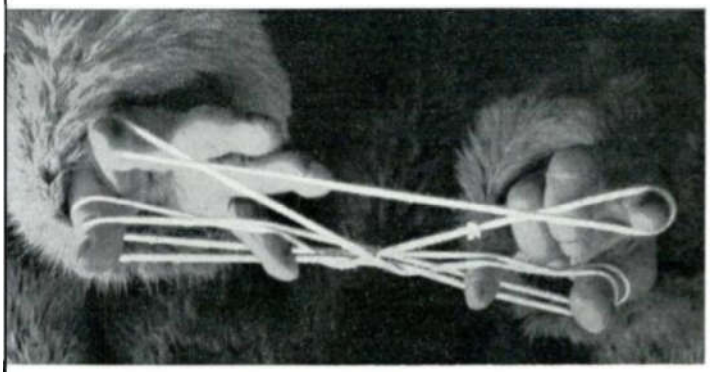


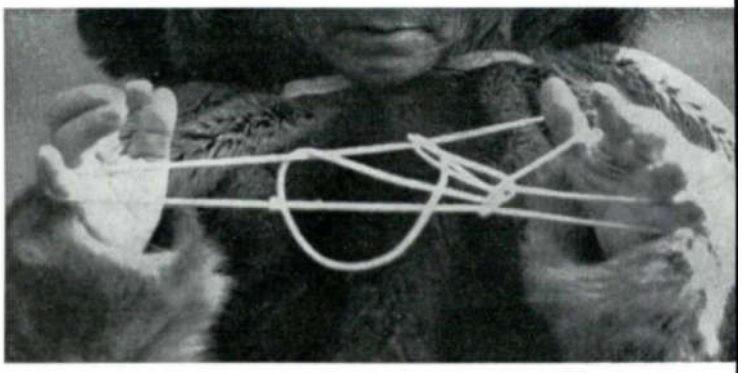
Keedlapik arranges the opening position to make the figure of a running caribou

STRING FIGURES

by Vera Fidler

Mrs Fidler is a free-lance writer and author. Photographs on these pages by Gabriel Gely.





Chanting in time to the movements, she manipulates the string to the second position. Loops are drawn over and under until (below) the figure of the caribou emerges: head by her thumb, legs to left, hindquarters upper loops left

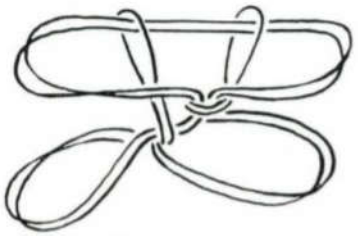
KEEDLAPIK, an Arctic Bay Eskimo woman, placed a long loop of string over her thumbs and little fingers. Then, too fast for the eye to follow, she arranged the string into six loops, three on each hand. Keedlapik was going to make a string figure representing a caribou and she was using the most common opening position for making these figures. Fingers flying and chanting in time to their movements, she began a series of complicated manipulations—dropping and interchanging loops, drawing one over another, transferring them from one finger or thumb to another. After each movement, she drew her hands apart and spread her fingers. When she raised her hands to show the finished figure, it took but little imagination to recognize the shape of a caribou and to see it "running up hill and down" as she manipulated the string.

The Eskimo string games, which are usually played with a loop of sinew, are a highly developed version of our old cat's cradles. One difference is that while our game involves the transfer or take off of strings between two people, most of the Eskimo figures are made by one person alone. There are a few which require two people, but even when making these a player sometimes uses his own foot.

During a thousand long arctic nights parents have amused themselves and their children by making string figures, and the art has been handed down from generation to generation. Over the years any number of intricate figures have been developed, representing birds, people, animals, clothing and other objects familiar to the region. Most tribes have a story that goes with each string figure and it is this that the Eskimo chants as the pattern progresses. Some figures and stories are simple, others quite complicated. A fairly involved one is "the fox and the whale". The whale's body is stranded on the shore and the fox is eating it. When he is discovered by an Eskimo, the fox runs away. Another, even more compli-

By manipulating the string, Keedlapik makes the caribou run up hill and down

Erkuaktok of Pelly Bay demonstrates



The two youths

cated, shows two men facing each other. The player indicates which man is speaking by holding one hand out and the other in, then changing their positions, as he chants:

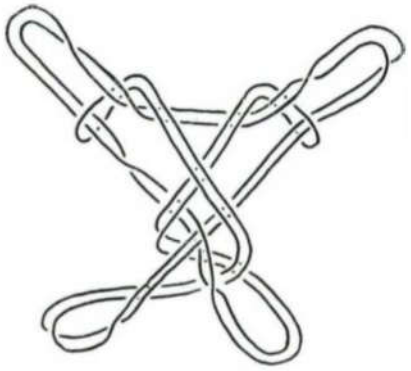
I'm going to shoot that bird, I made it fly.
I'm going to hit it with a stone too, even if you did make it fly.
Your grandfather has no knife (sneeringly).
Your grandfather has a knife made of whalebone.
Your grandfather has no boat.
Your grandfather's boat is made of rotten boot-soles.
Well, let's fight it out.

Loops are pulled through each other to indicate the men fighting and finally the figure is broken up. A spirit has carried the men off.

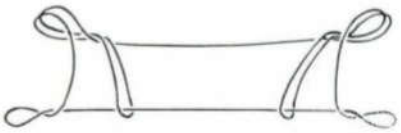
There are infinite variations but as far as is known, there are only three starting positions and the number of ways in which the string can be manipulated is limited. The arrangement of the figures is based on the opening movements and it is with slightly different combinations of the same movements that different results are produced.

In days gone by, there were numerous superstitions among the Eskimos concerning string figures. In the western Arctic there was a taboo against playing the games in the summer and they were only played when the sun was no longer above the horizon. In his book *Eskimo Folk Lore*, Dr Diamond Jenness reports that when a Coronation Gulf woman was showing him some new figures in the summer of 1915, she remarked that they ought to postpone playing the game until winter. And during the same summer, a girl closed the door of the tent in order that the sun might not shine in while she was showing him some figures. This superstition is based on a legend that the sun once beheld a man playing cat's cradles and tickled him. How this affected the man is not stated, but bad weather was often blamed on someone who had been making string figures before the sun disappeared.

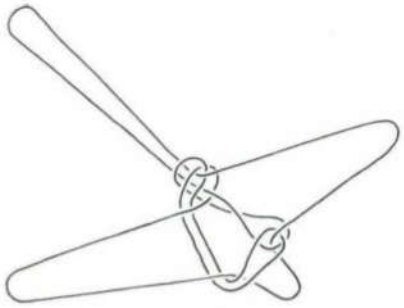
Stories were told of an evil spirit coming among the people because they were violating the taboo. The spirit was thought to reveal its presence by a peculiar crackling sound, but the most fearsome aspect of it was that it made string figures with its own intestines or with an



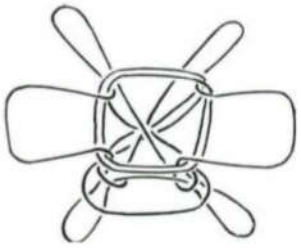
Two animals lapping water



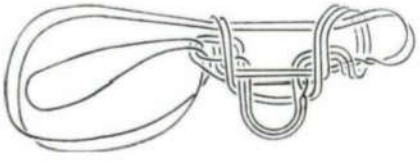
Two labrets or stones; figure used by Alaskan Eskimos to drive away the spirit of string figures



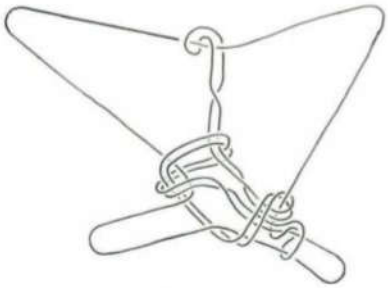
The owl



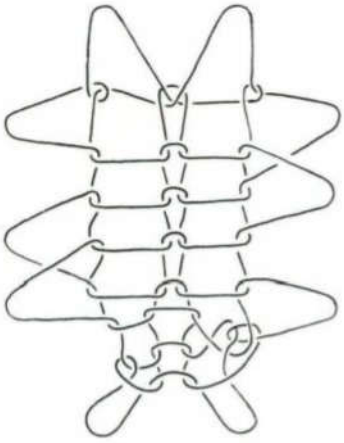
Ptarmigan's nest



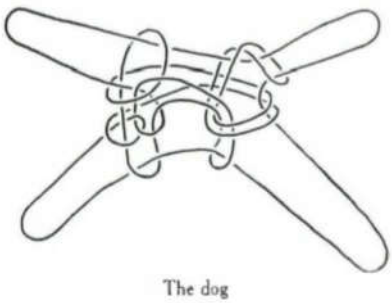
The wolf



The swan



Breast-bone and ribs (see cover); in the west said to be of a caribou, in the east of a man



The dog

A Padlei woman makes the figure called the tent. A similar figure is made throughout the Arctic, sometimes called the duck spear, and has also been recorded among Indians

PHOTOS BY R. HARRINGTON

invisible cord. Various methods were used to rout the spirit. In some parts of Alaska the Eskimos believed that if they merely pretended to make a certain figure and uttered the right words, the spirit would be driven away, while in other places it was believed that just making the opening figure over and over was enough. But if some form was not gone through, every inmate of the house was sure to become paralyzed and die. When making any figure, the performer had to work with the utmost speed, lest he be out-raced by the spirit. A threatening chant was sung and at the last words "Be off with you" the figure was flaunted in the face of the spirit and as it shuffled towards the door the person followed, trying to outdo the spirit in manipulating the string until at last it vanished. Sometimes when the crackling sound was heard, a race round the outside of the dwelling with a lighted lamp was enough to drive the spirit away.

The Eskimos of Hudson Bay apparently had no taboo against playing the string games when the sun was shining, for they played them in the fall when the sun was going south, to catch it in the meshes of the string and prevent its disappearance. In this region, young boys were forbidden to play the string games, because in later life their fingers might become entangled in the harpoon line. Stories were told of hunters who lost their fingers and it was believed this was caused by their having played string games when they were young.

String figures in varying forms have been recorded from many parts of the world, particularly among native peoples. It is believed the original Eskimo figures came from somewhere around Bering Strait from where they travelled eastward, for the manner of making them and the chants accompanying them indicate a close connection between Eskimos of different regions. Whatever the origin, long hours of leisure and lack of other diversions were no doubt responsible for the development of the string figures far beyond the simple cat's cradles of the white man. ◆

BY E. O. HOHN

professor of physiology at the University of Alberta who, a few years ago, spent several months at the mouth of the Anderson River in the course of arctic research

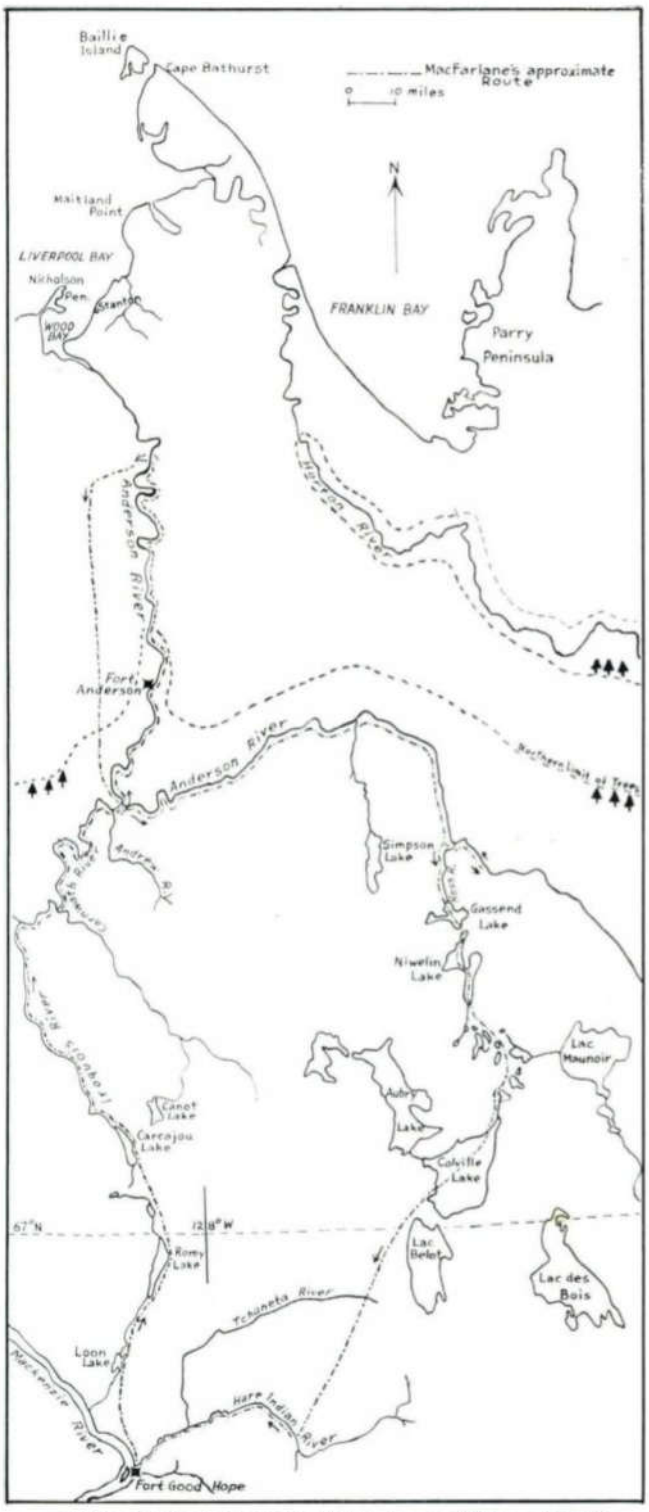
Roderick MacFarlane of ANDERSON RIVER AND FORT

SEVERAL OF THE outstanding explorers of the Canadian Arctic were employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. The names of Hearne, Thomas Simpson, and Rae come to mind in this connection. MacFarlane's exploration of the Anderson River in 1857, though the more recent contribution to geographical knowledge by an officer of the Company, is less widely known.

Roderick MacFarlane was born at Stornoway on Lewis Island in the outer Hebrides in 1833. At the age of nineteen he joined the Company as an apprentice clerk and sailed from Orkney to Hudson Bay in the summer of 1852. Fairly soon after his arrival in the Company's territory he was in charge of a trading post on Great Slave Lake, first at Fort Rae and later at Resolution. In 1855 he was sent farther north to some of the Company's stations on the Mackenzie River and he became manager at Fort Good Hope for the next two winters.

At that time trade with the western Eskimos had already been carried on for some years at the Company's most northern post at Fort McPherson on the Peel River. It was known from the Indians at Good Hope as well as from Mackenzie Eskimos that there was a considerable Eskimo population, possibly as many as a thousand at that time, along Liverpool Bay and the large river known to drain into the bay. Richardson had explored the coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie eastwards to Coppermine in 1826 but as he passed from Nicholson Peninsula across to Maitland Point when exploring Liverpool Bay, he missed the mouth of this river (the Anderson) and knew of it only from native reports. MacFarlane was therefore sent to reconnoitre the valley of this river, to follow it to its mouth and to investigate the possibilities of trade with its Eskimo inhabitants.

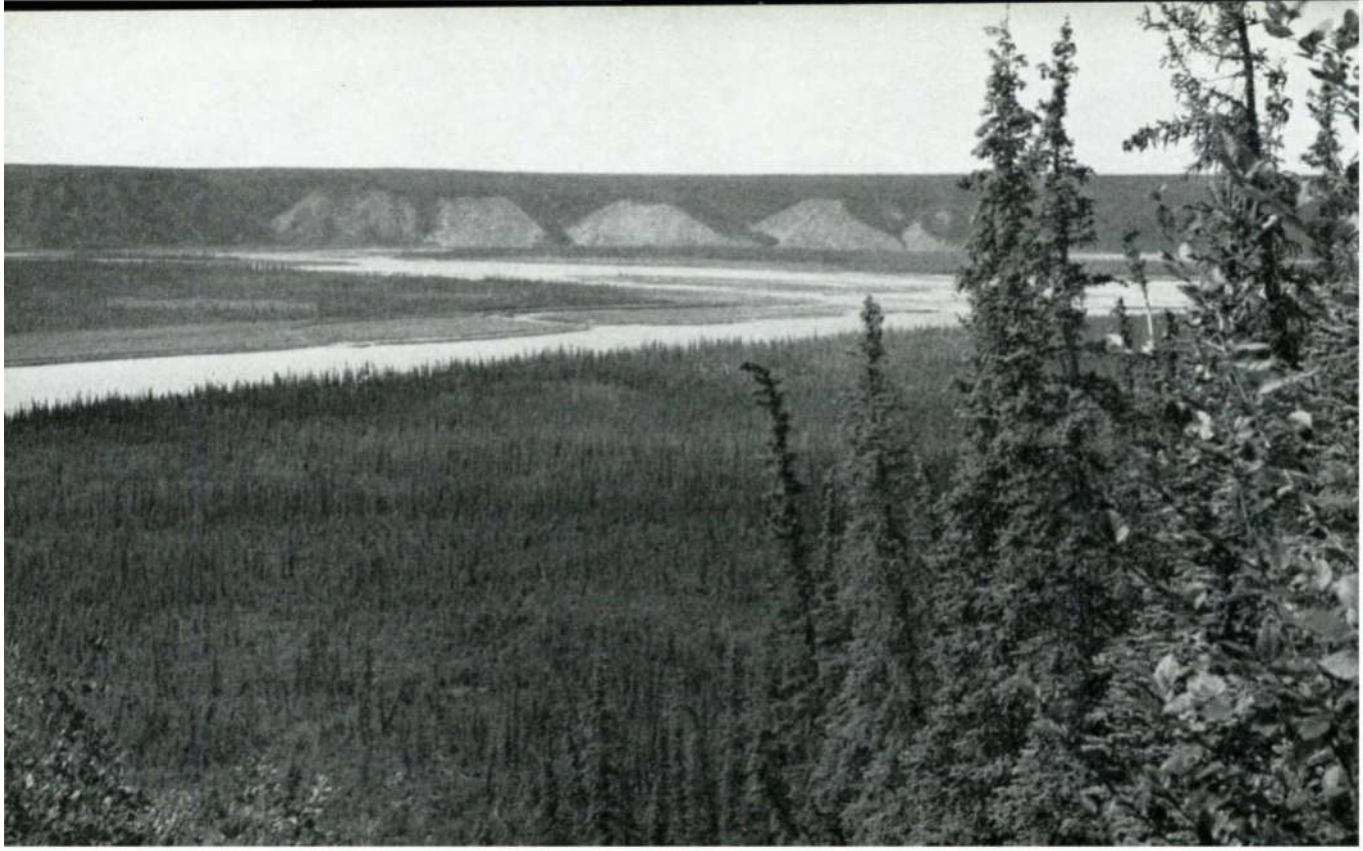
He left Fort Good Hope on foot on 4 June, 1857 with a Métis, LaPorte, and four Indians, having despatched an advance party with canoes to a lake four days march to the northeast of Good Hope. The first camp was made at Loon Lake and the second on Rorey Lake, both these lakes were still ice covered. On the fourth day the advance party was joined at the northeast end of what MacFarlane calls Canoe Lake. Judging from modern maps this was the lake now called Carcajou Lake, though there is a Canot Lake draining into the Carnwath River somewhat to the east. The river flowing north from this lake was found to be too shallow for the canoes and half a day's portage was made to a lower part of its course. The rest of that



Approximate route of exploratory expedition of 1857

day, June 9th, was spent in toilsome canoeing down a winding river only one to ten yards wide, often blocked with driftwood which had to be cut and removed in many places. By the afternoon of the next day further progress seemed impracticable as the driftwood piles were too large. Some Indians who had been encountered en route were sent ahead with the food and equipment and MacFarlane's party carried the canoes for six miles to re-embark lower down on the Iroquois, as MacFarlane named this minor river, after his steersman. Its junction with a larger river from the south, was then reached without further difficulty. The larger river was named the Lockhart by MacFarlane after a friend of his also in the Company's service, but it is now known as the Carnwath. This change was made in 1926 because James Lockhart's name was already attached to the river which drains Artillery Lake into the eastern end of Great Slave Lake. MacFarlane's Lockhart River was renamed Carnwath after the name of the country seat of the Lockharts in Scotland. By noon of June 13th the party reached the junction of the Carnwath with the river known as the Beghula which MacFarlane named the Anderson in honour of James Anderson who was then in charge of the Mackenzie River district for the Company. The Anderson River was still running thick with ice. According to a group of some sixteen Loucheux-Hare Indians found encamped here, it had only broken up on the day before. These Indians had visited the Eskimos of the Lower Anderson in April. They had had a narrow escape from a party of western Eskimos who had come to trade with those of the Anderson. The latter intervened on behalf of the Indians, with whom they had also traded, and enabled them to escape. On coming to a halt after leaving the Eskimos, the Indians missed one of their company. Since his gun and powder horn were seen in the possession of Mackenzie Eskimos which MacFarlane's party encountered later that summer on the lower Anderson, it is likely that he had been killed.

MacFarlane engaged some of the *bâtards Loucheux*, as he called them, whom he found at the mouth of the Carnwath and embarked on the Anderson in two canoes on June 14th. With him were Louis Aruihunta, his Iroquois steersman, and Jerome LaPorte, also a steersman, and seven Hare, Slave, and Loucheux Indian paddlers and interpreters. The first Eskimo summer lodges were found the next day. Landing by the chief's encampment, MacFarlane marked out a line on the beach and told his interpreter to convey to the Eskimos that he had come to open a friendly intercourse with them and that they must accept his arrangements for this purpose. One was that they were not to cross the line between the two parties.



Junction of Anderson River with the Carnwath which flows at base of cliffs in the background GEOGRAPHICAL BRANCH

The Eskimos arranged themselves beyond the boundary and were each given a present of tobacco after which the matter of future trading was discussed at length through the interpreter.

MacFarlane describes these Eskimos as tall and well formed, lively and good humoured, with smiling, open countenances "tho' it must be confessed, rather troublesome in their deportment"—they pilfered when not watched continuously. They wore trousers of caribou skin with the hair towards the body, an inner shirt similarly arranged, an outer caribou skin shirt with the hair outside and a hood trimmed, as is still customary, with a wolf or wolverine fur fringe. They had neatly made, watertight sealskin boots. Some of the men had "tolerable mustaches and imperials" and the labrets customary among the western Eskimos until the early 20th century. The women wore a similar dress but theirs was ornamented with beads and their outer coat had a short tail which was passed between the legs and tied up in front. Like the Mackenzie Eskimos they dressed their hair in side or top knots, a fashion which did not appeal to MacFarlane. The married women were lightly tattooed. These women looked decidedly better and cleaner to him than most northern Indian women and he describes their expressions and behaviour as amiable. The few old people he saw seemed to be well looked after and all showed the utmost affection for their children. Later, familiarity with the Anderson Eskimos lowered MacFarlane's initial opinion of them considerably. When the Oblate missionary and traveller Emile Petitot visited Fort Anderson intending to set out for a stay among these people he reported that MacFarlane warned him they were "sea bandits, who looked on theft, violence, deceit, unbridled libertinism and even murder as virtues in which they took pride, while their womenfolk were shameless courtesans".

The Anderson Eskimos were armed with bows and arrows tipped with iron, bone, or walrus ivory. Every man also had a spear, a long and a short knife, and a prong used for darting at wild fowl. Only the chief had a gun, traded from Good Hope Indians. By trade with the Indians these Eskimos had also obtained their knives and iron or copper kettles. Their houses consisted of poles set nearly upright covered with half dressed sealskins, with a floor covering of caribou skins and sleeping robes of the same material. Their umiaks were made of walrus or bearded seal skins and they also had sealskin kayaks.

Of their seasonal hunting activities he observed later that they hunted caribou mostly during the southward migration of the animals in the fall when they shot and speared a great number at favourite water crossings. A hunter would mark his own animals by inserting one of his arrows in the carcass which was then allowed to drift down the river to be reclaimed by his family as it floated past the lodges. Caches of caribou meat placed on blocks of ice and protected from wolves and wolverines by more large ice blocks, were constructed in early December along

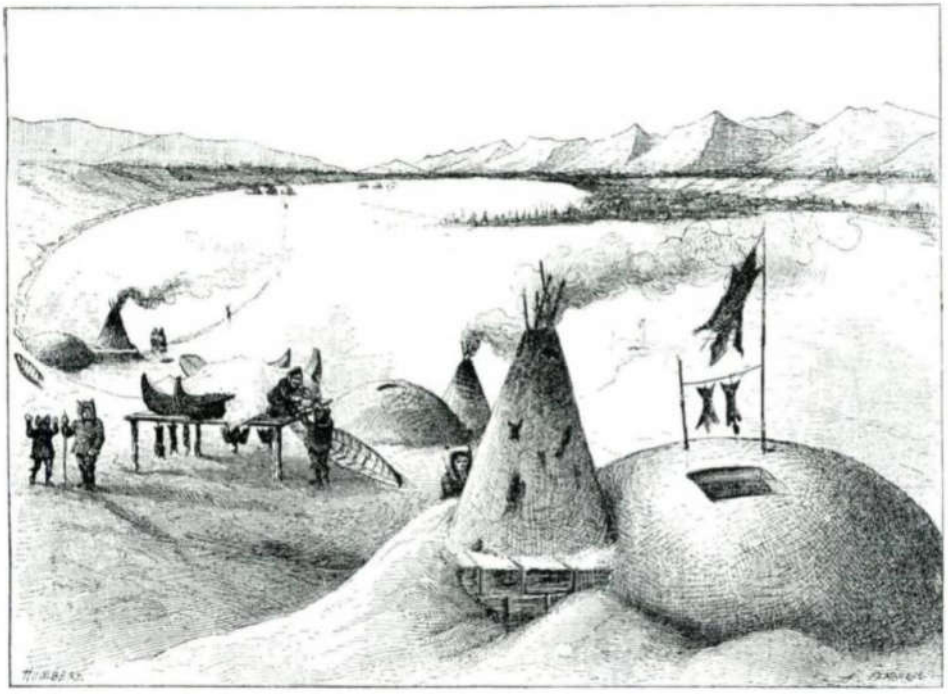
the lower Anderson. After this the people returned to their winter homes at various places along the coast. In March, when the seals had young, the families moved out on the sea ice for the sealing and lived in snow-houses. Petitot describes one of their igloos on the Anderson in his entertaining book *Les Grands Esquimaux*, published in 1887. With two men cutting the snow blocks and a third setting them up in the style of a snail's shell and sealing the cracks, the snow-house was built in less than an hour. With three knife cuts a door was made and while a smaller shelter wall was built outside, a platform was being arranged inside, covered with bear and caribou skins, where three people could lie or four sit—and six actually crowded in. Beside the door was set a stone lamp, blackened and shaped like a little boat. The doorway was closed tight with a snow slab, the only air admitted coming through the porous snowblocks. Petitot and the head-man were given the outside places on the sleeping platform, the other men between them. The Eskimos then set the example of stripping off all their clothes, but Petitot and his Loucheux Indian interpreter were more restrained although, having removed his outer clothes, the priest found he had to take off his shoes and go barefoot, so stifling did it become in the airless dome with the guttering seal-oil lamp and the heat of the malodorous bodies. Petitot felt that he was walled up in a sepulchral hovel where he could not breathe.

Petitot's sketch of the chief of the Anderson Eskimos

When the sealing was over a gradual return to the meat caches was made, some fox trapping was done and after the spring breakup the people trekked farther up the Anderson in their umiaks (large skin boats). An old man was generally steersman while one woman would pull on the dragline tied to the bow, with four to six dogs pulling ahead of her. After a few days of trading at Fort Anderson, they would return to the coast for further seal and some walrus hunting. The Anderson-Liverpool Bay Eskimos generally managed to secure one bowhead whale each year. For fishing in the river they used nets made of caribou sinew.

After a few hours MacFarlane's party continued downstream on June 15th accompanied by the chief of the Eskimo settlement and camped by the river after meeting several other small Eskimo parties from whom some fox skins were traded. The following day a large Eskimo camp was found. The people here were friendly too but explained that the Eskimos on the coast to the north were not "too good". MacFarlane's interpreter gave him to understand that these were also Anderson River Eskimos who acknowledged the chief of the large camp, who himself was quite co-operative. MacFarlane therefore decided to proceed as far as the mouth of the river as originally planned. In the evening, fifteen kayaks overtook his canoes. Most of the kayakers wore coats of mountain goat or sheepskins and they were in fact Mackenzie Delta Eskimos. Their intentions towards MacFarlane's party were clearly hostile from the start. These natives were soon joined by others and MacFarlane was eventually forced to make for shore and abandon his canoes. The encounter is best described in his own words, taken from his account "On an expedition down the Begh-ula or Anderson River," published in the Canadian Record of Science, Vol. 4, 1890-91.

"Determined to go forward at all hazards, especially as from the banks of the river here being muddy and nearly level with the water, covered with ice and no driftwood—in short, utterly unfit for any defensive purposes, I could not land: well knowing however that the Esquimaux would never resort to extreme measures while we kept on the water, so long as we did not allow them to lay hold of our canoes. With my own canoe we always made our way; not so, however, with LaPorte's,



An illustration from Father Petitot's book "Les Grands Esquimaux" after his watercolour of an Eskimo village at the mouth of the Anderson River

despite order after order given him to keep them off he would or could not, and it was therefore necessary for us to protect him in addition to opening up a road through the kayaks before us. Guns were again presented [by MacFarlane and his men] which had now the effect of making the Esquimaux, if anything, more troublesome than before. Seven guns were held up to intimate to us that they were as well armed as ourselves, and such of them as had none dipped their bows in the water and arranged their arrows before them. These appearances, though certainly indicating hostile intentions, were, I suspected, made at present with the view of adding to the fears of the Indians, and they had the desired effect. The latter now became anxious to be put ashore so as to return overland, of course leaving everything. This I could not agree to, and therefore continued on.

"About 9 p.m. we arrived opposite to a large encampment, from which some thirty or forty canoes were seen putting off, which caused the others to close around us, and thereby almost drove us on shore. Extricating ourselves with much difficulty we managed to go on a little farther and were about twenty yards from the left bank when the new arrivals approached, seeing whom, six of the Indians suddenly got out of the canoes and made for land on a batture which extended for some distance from the shore. The Iroquois and I immediately jumped out, dragged the canoes to land, and with some trouble I succeeded in making the Indians turn back. They were ordered to re-embark, but refused. Seeing that they would not, I ranged them in a line along the beach with their guns presented, so as to prevent the Esquimaux from landing. The beach at this place was low and flat, the mud knee deep, ice in large sheets, with snow and water immediately in the background, not a stick of driftwood and the position perfectly untenable. . . .

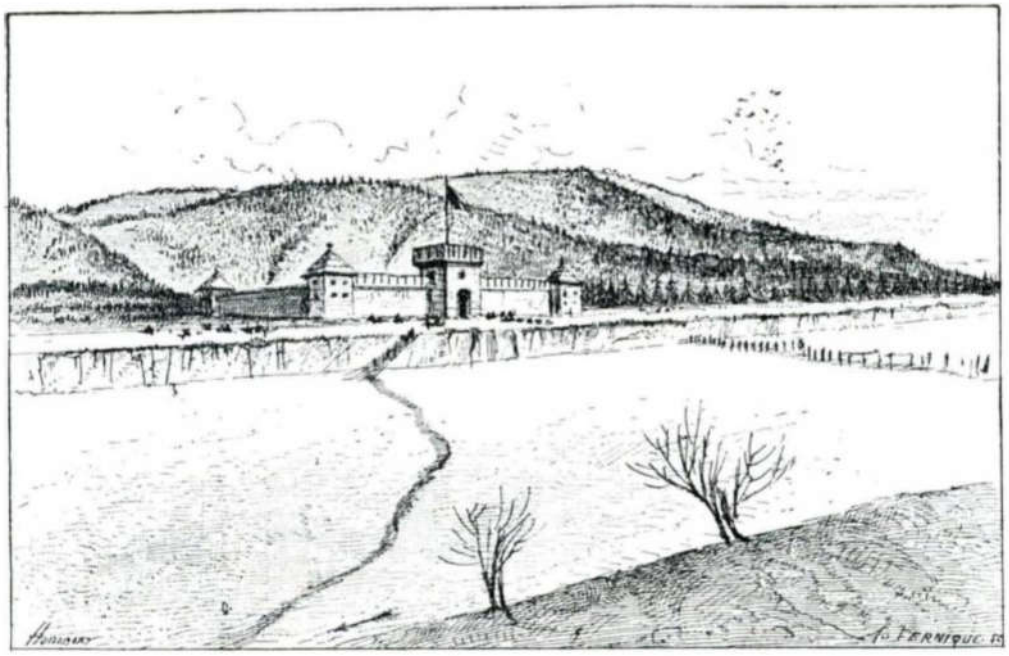
"Finding that with these crews I should never be able to get back with the canoes, even if they had agreed to remain, I at length very reluctantly consented to accompany them, and we accordingly set out with all the property, leaving behind only what was too cumbrous to be carried."

MacFarlane now led his party several miles to the west of the river and was able to see the sea ice of Wood Bay from a hilltop. After this they turned southward until the early morning of June 17th when camp was made. It was difficult here beyond the treeline to find wood for a fire but they gathered enough sticks to cook part of a caribou one of the Indians killed. Seven days walking through deep snow brought the travellers back to the Indian camp at the mouth of the Carnwath River. Here MacFarlane procured an old rickety canoe and paid off most of his party, as the canoe could not carry all of them, and sent them back to Good Hope overland, with the furs and unused trade goods.

With the Iroquois steersman, LaPorte and two Indians he embarked on an exploration of the upper Anderson River working upstream by tracking, which was made difficult by ice on the beach. On the 29th, he sent home two more of his crew keeping only the Iroquois and one Hare Indian. Rapids, requiring a portage, were met on the 28th and 29th and a six-mile portage became necessary on July 3rd, by which time the canoe had become so leaky that constant bailing and frequent repairs were needed. Next day MacFarlane decided that owing to the

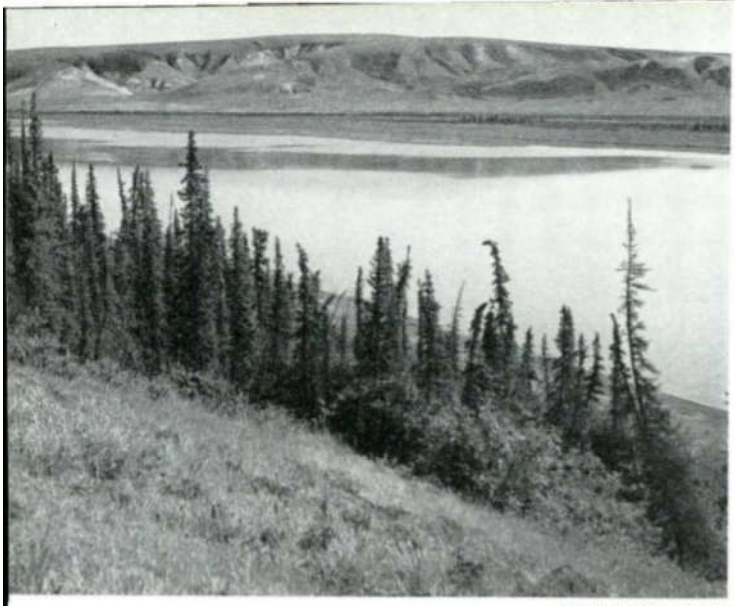
poor condition of the canoe and the fast flow of the river, it was unwise to attempt to work further upstream and that a return towards the Mackenzie should be made via a tributary which joined the Anderson from the south-west. MacFarlane named this tributary the Ross River. This name does not appear on present day maps, but it is probably the stream draining Gassend Lake into the Anderson. On July 6th a lake, probably Gassend Lake, was reached and by a portage, another ice-covered lake with only a central lead of open water, apparently Niwelin Lake, was reached on the 7th. Next day a further portage brought the party to another lake.

This was deemed to be in the hunting area of some of the Hare Indian bands and a large fire was lit. The fire was soon answered by smoke to the east. An hour and a half of walking brought MacFarlane to a camp of six Hare Indian lodges by a small river. Further portages and paddling on several less ice-encumbered lakes brought the party on July 10th to Colville Lake which MacFarlane named. While crossing this lake the canoe sprung a leak and only hard paddling saved the crew. The boat finally sank in four feet of water and was taken ashore and repaired. The river leading from this lake to another a few miles to the west, presumably Lake Aubry, could not be ascended with the canoe and the decision to return to Fort Good Hope overland was taken. Three long days of marching over hilly country brought the party to the Hare Indian River on July 13th where a raft previously used by Indians for crossing it was found. While rafting downstream the next day an Indian canoe was noticed on the shore. It was repaired and made a fairly fast descent of the river possible. Fort Good Hope was reached, after a severe thunderstorm with torrential rain, late in the evening of July 14th. The two parties sent overland from the Anderson were found to have arrived safely a few days earlier. Apart from a few fish traded from Indians during the latter part of the journey the travellers had lived off the land, at first largely on caribou and moose; after leaving the Anderson River no deer were seen but rabbits and partridges were numerous and there were some geese.



Fort Anderson, from a sketch by Petitot in 1865. Track made by dogteams crosses the frozen river and row of poles on right were for setting fish-nets

MacFarlane reported on the results of his trip to his superior at Fort Simpson where he spent the winter. He was again in charge at Fort Good Hope during the next year and made two trading journeys to the Eskimos of the lower Anderson and Liverpool Bay during the winter, covering about 1,800 miles on snowshoes. Similar winter



GEOGRAPHICAL BRANCH

Anderson River some 55 miles below Fort Anderson and (below) at the mouth, seen from the high west bank

E. O. HOHN

journeys were made again in 1859. On the basis of his reports on these ventures, Chief Factor B. R. Ross agreed to the establishment of a trading post on the Anderson.

MacFarlane therefore made a summer journey to the upper Anderson River in the following year, to find a locality where timber suitable for building could be cut and rafted downstream so that the post could be set up within reach of the Eskimo population of the lower part of the river.

In April 1861 he travelled from Good Hope to his "lumber camp" on the Anderson. From there, with two Loucheux and six Company servants (a hard-working group consisting of a Norwegian, a French-Canadian, two Iroquois from the Montreal area, and two Saulteaux from the Red River) he rafted down river immediately after the June break-up to the spot selected for building. Fort Anderson was built on the left bank of the river at about latitude 68°30′. Living entirely off the country — on deer, fish, birds, rabbits, and Labrador tea — the men worked well and the construction was finished before winter set in. It was a substantial establishment surrounded by a square palisade about fifty-five yards long with a twenty-foot-high bastion at each corner. A raised gallery inside the palisade connected the bastions. The entrance was through a massive gate tower. Within the palisade stood the master's house opposite the gate tower, along one side was a house for the employees and on the other a storehouse for furs and another for the trade goods. All these buildings were constructed from large squared timbers. Petitot, to whom we owe this description of the fort, also mentions a large cage holding several live eagles within the enclosure, which indicated MacFarlane's great interest in natural history.

MacFarlane remained in charge of this post for five years, from 1861 to 1866. This was probably one of the happiest periods of his life, for without neglecting his business and besides trips to Fort Good Hope and Fort Simpson, he made an annual summer trip across the barrens to the shore of Franklin Bay to collect birds and eggs for the Smithsonian Institution. He is reported to have collected over 5,000 specimens of birds and eggs for this museum, including specimens secured for him by natives. He also collected mammals for both the Smithsonian and the Geological Survey of Canada.

Petitot arrived at Fort Anderson in March 1865 eager to make a stay with the Eskimos of the lower Anderson. MacFarlane described them to him in the terms already quoted and did his best to dissuade Petitot from a visit, alone and unarmed, with these people. However, when he found the missionary set in his intention he lent him a dogteam and sled, gave him provisions and sent the Loucheux Indian Alphonse Sida-Jen, locally better known as "General Bottom" with him. Petitot, ably supported by the "General", who could interpret, had no trouble with the Eskimos.

In the fall of 1865 there was an outbreak of scarlet fever at Fort Anderson which resulted in the death of about a hundred and fifty of the local people. In June of the following year, because of the death of so many of the Eskimo and Indian hunters and the difficulties of transportation between Fort Anderson and the Mackenzie, the district superintendent ordered the Fort closed.

Soon after the closing of Fort Anderson MacFarlane was made the Company's superintendent for the Mackenzie and later for the Athabasca district. He became a chief factor and received Queen Victoria's Arctic Medal

for his exploration of the Anderson River and the recovery in 1862 of dispatches to the British Admiralty given to an Eskimo at Cape Bathurst by McClure of H.M.S. *Investigator*.

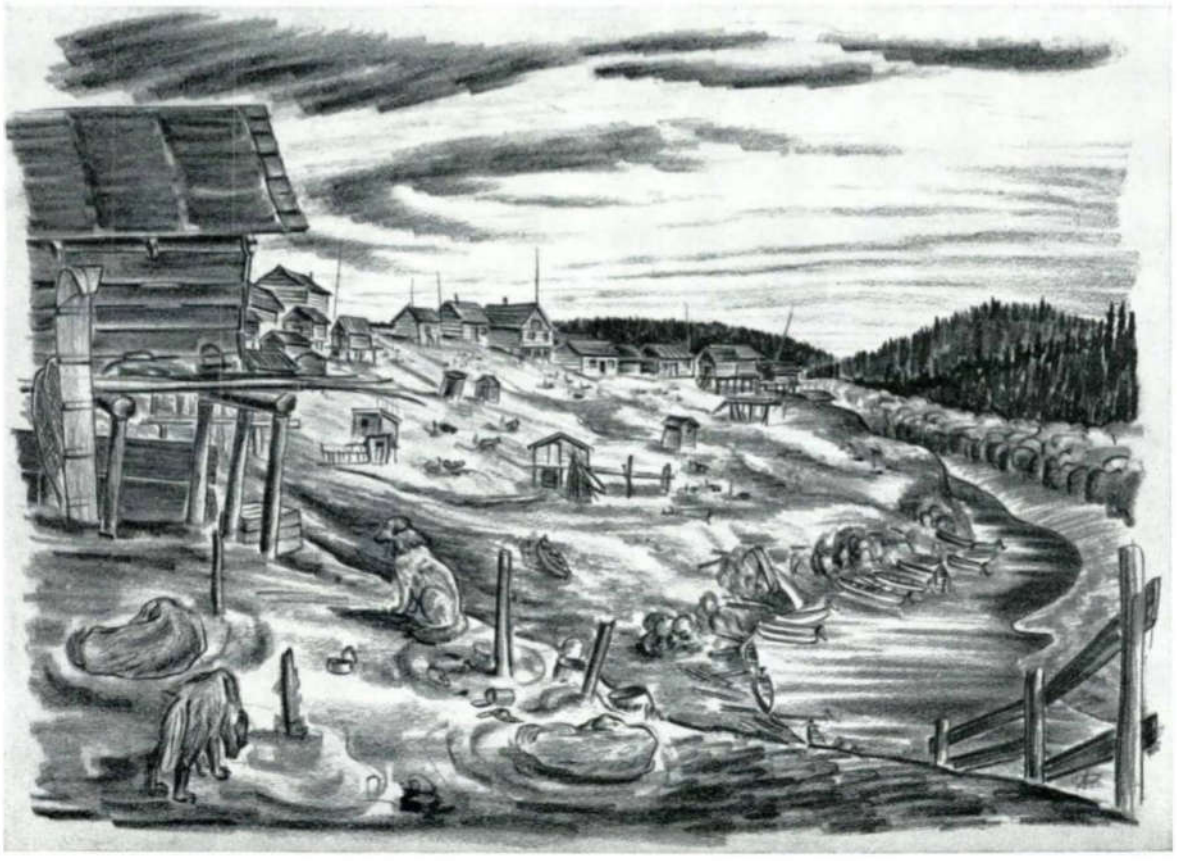
After a period of service in British Columbia he was put in charge of the Cumberland district (the lower Saskatchewan River region). In 1894 he retired and settled in Winnipeg, where he died in 1920. MacFarlane published two valuable reports, one on the birds, the other on the mammals of the Mackenzie district. Both are largely based on the observations and collections he made while living at Fort Anderson. He also contributed a section on wildlife to C. Mair's book *Through the Mackenzie Basin*, and his work as a naturalist is commemorated in the scientific names of several northern mammals.

It is surprising that no remains of Fort Anderson exist. Petitot, writing ten years after its closure, already refers to it as a ruin, and Dr J. R. Mackay, a geographer of the University of British Columbia, who surveyed this area in 1955, found only a small unoccupied trapper's cabin at the site. A low level flight over the district in which the fort was situated failed to reveal any ruins. The disappearance of the fort may have been due to fire, or perhaps its timbers were used by natives or later white residents.

The further history of the Anderson River valley and the adjacent coastal areas is one of gradual depopulation. The surviving Anderson Eskimos travelled to Fort McPherson for trading, until more northern posts were opened at Aklavik and Tuktoyaktuk. The Hare Indians who in MacFarlane's day lived in the upper part of the river valley, have disappeared but were succeeded in the first half of the present century by a few white trappers, some of them married to Eskimo or Indian women. The last of these trappers retired to Aklavik in 1955.

On the coast the Hudson's Bay Company maintained its Baillie Island post (actually on Cape Bathurst) from 1916 to 1938. An R.C.M.P. station at Maitland Point was in use from 1935 to 1938 when the buildings were taken over for a short time by the Company. In 1937 the Roman Catholic mission and trading post Stanton was built on the beach of Wood Bay and five Eskimo families had log houses there. The next year a government owned reindeer herd in connection with which several Eskimo families were employed, was brought to the mouth of the Anderson River but the reindeer and their herders were transferred to the Tuktoyaktuk district after the war. Finally, in the spring of 1955, the Stanton mission was closed too and its personnel and the Stanton Eskimos moved to Tuktoyaktuk. When I summered at the mouth of the Anderson six years ago, there was said to be a German-Eskimo family near Cape Bathurst but they too had moved away. At present the personnel of the D.E.W. Line site on Nicholson Peninsula are the only residents in the Anderson Valley-Liverpool Bay area. ◆

Indian village at Fort Good Hope sketched by Arthur Price in 1951



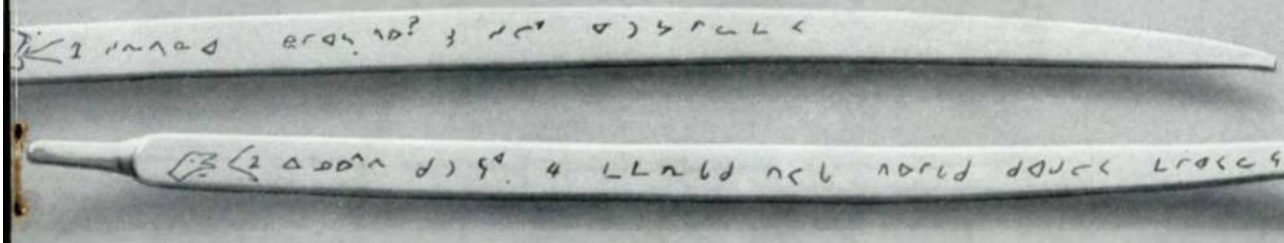
Height of complete carving about 14 inches, made in 1962.

STO
by J
of Pc

RY IN STONE

lohnny Innukpuk

ort Harrison



The man says:
You have something in your mouth, which I have not been near enough to touch.

The bird says:
It is a person's thigh, because it is sweet and I like the smell of it. I like it even better when it is frozen.

The kneeling man is beseeching the bird to let him have the bone he has in his mouth. The bone is of a dead Eskimo who in his day was a great story teller. The man wants the bone to eat it so that he may be enriched with some of the dead man's wisdom.

Hugh John Macdonald, university student, in 1869

The Prime Minister's Son goes West

BY HUGH A. STEVENSON

THE FIRST YEARS of Confederation brought Canada an abundant share of troubles. Racial and political differences made the 'grand alliance' difficult to hold together in the best of times. The spring of 1870 seemed to be especially overcast with menacing clouds of uncertainty that threatened the very life of the young nation.

Bumptious Fenians, operating out of bases in the United States, seemed determined once again to attempt the conquest of Canada. Newspapers were constantly reporting some rumoured mobilization south of the border. An even more serious threat to the completion of Canadian unity had developed in the West. There a man by the name of Louis Riel had just made a place for himself in Canadian history by leading some of the residents of the Red River Settlement in a brief and almost bloodless insurrection.

The trouble in the West arose when attempts were made to transfer to Canada the vast Hudson's Bay Company territories. Inexperience on the part of the Dominion authorities, and inconsideration for the residents gave birth to a host of disagreements and misconceptions. Riel and his followers, the half-French half-Indian Métis, felt that their culture and faith might not be respected once the transfer took place. Quite rightly, they foresaw that a large influx of protestant, Anglo-

While researching in the University of Western Ontario Library Mr Stevenson, who is now teaching in Prince Edward Island, came across the Coyne Papers upon which he based this study of Sir Hugh John Macdonald

Saxon settlers would bring an end to their accustomed way of life. To protect their property, language and religion, Riel assumed authority in Fort Garry. From this vantage point he controlled the whole territory. Although the legality of his political position might be questioned, his new authority gave him the right to a hearing in Ottawa. Unfortunately blood was spilled before the rebels could reach a satisfactory agreement with the government. To stop opposition in the settlement and to prove their authority, the rebel council had voted in favour of the execution of one of the leading trouble-makers, an English-speaking Canadian by the name of Thomas Scott.

By the time Riel's delegates were ready to return from Ottawa with their desired assurances, Ontario was in a mean mood and the business of the transfer remained a highly inflamed situation with international implications. Although the way had finally been cleared for the legal exchange of title, the Canadian government had yet to face the problem of actually establishing order in the great North West.

Under the command of Colonel G. J. Wolseley, the government decided to send a militia force supported by British Regulars to guarantee that the official transfer of power would be lasting. There had already been too much trouble with the residents, and the openly covetous interests of the United States could not be ignored if Canada expected to hold the North West.

Despite the government's good intentions, neither the settlers of Assiniboia nor the people of Ontario and Quebec clearly understood the purpose of the expedition. The matter of a general amnesty for Riel and his followers had not been made clear, and many of the volunteers from Ontario felt that the army was a good place to avenge the 'murder' of poor Scott. After all, this unfortunate victim of Riel's hasty justice had been a loyal Canadian and an Orangeman to boot!

The 77 French-Canadians who joined the Quebec battalion showed some sympathy for Riel but their appearance in uniform gave the Métis little comfort. They were hardly noticeable among the 285 English-speaking Canadians whom it had been necessary to recruit to fill out the ranks of the reluctant Quebec contingent. The closer Wolseley got to Fort Garry, the more insecure Riel felt.

Considering the sets, the actors and the bombastic sound effects liberally supplied by Ontario newspapers, one could not expect this early Canadian drama to be an opening-night success. Except for some of the principal actors, the cast came from humble and easily-influenced stock. Only one lowly ensign had any claim to Canadian family fame. Hugh John Macdonald's father, a veteran of many political dramas, was cast as the Prime Minister of Canada.

Young Hugh John Macdonald had just completed a B.A. at the University of Toronto. For a few months he had studied law, but legal work was dull, and a national crisis seemed like a good opportunity to find a little adventure before settling down completely. The following narrative is his story as he wrote it to a school chum, James H. Coyne. The early episodes were recorded in Coyne's diary for 1870, and the later incidents appeared in letters Hugh John wrote to his youthful friend during the trip to Fort Garry with Wolseley's small army.

Ironically, Coyne was as good a Reformer as Macdonald was a Conservative. Had the contents of Hugh John's letters been made public at the time they were written, no doubt Sir John A. Macdonald's political position would have become embarrassingly uncomfortable. His son's letters reflected too accurately the belligerent attitude which many men in the expeditionary force felt toward Canada's newest citizens in the West. The government wanted unity with no further delay. Unless peace could be maintained at Fort Garry there could be little hope of preventing the United States from interpreting a continuance of hostilities as an open invitation to annex the Red River area. It is perhaps fortunate that Coyne kept the confidence of his Tory friend.

Macdonald's story begins with a brief note in the diary that Coyne kept while he was in residence at the University of Toronto:

"Monday, May 2, 1870. . . . This morning's *Leader* announced the appointment of Hugh John Macdonald as ensign in the Red River Force. When he entered the dining hall this evening, we applauded him heartily. He can hardly contain his delight at his good fortune. . . .
"Tuesday, May 3, 1870. . . . At 4:30 p.m. I went down town with Macdonald, Punshon and O'Meara. Casey joined us at the head of the Avenue [University Avenue]. Hugh John treated us to sodas at Soyer's and we drank his health and destruction to Riel with great gusto. . . . Going along King Street, at almost every rod Macdonald was called off by some acquaintance to talk about his Red River appointment. This morning's *Telegraph* finds fault with his appointment, calling Hugh John a 'beardless youth' etc. . . ."

It is not surprising that there was criticism voiced in some Toronto newspapers. There was every reason to question Hugh John's qualifications. His military experience was confined to duty with the militia when they were mobilized against the Fenians in 1866 and later

service with the University Company of the Queen's Own Rifles. Although there is no evidence to suggest that his father had anything to do with the appointment, the Toronto *Telegram* made its suspicions perfectly clear. After listing the officers who had been appointed to lead the force the editor commented:

". . . it might be said that if some of the above named officers had been subjected to the same rigorous medical inspection that the men were subjected to, they would certainly have been plucked. It is complained that Ensign Huch McDonald [sic] was only gazetted last week, and that partially on account of his being son of the Dominion Premier, he—a mere stripling—has been appointed over the heads of older and more experienced volunteer officers". Even if the editor could not spell his name properly, his comment about Hugh John's age did have some justification. Two months earlier he had celebrated his twentieth birthday. In any event the objection did not flare into a public controversy and the notice of his appointment was forgotten amid a deluge of reports of activities in Red River and the disturbing news that the Fenians were about to attempt an invasion.

The Crystal Palace, built more than a decade earlier on the present-day exhibition grounds, served as headquarters for the Red River force while they remained in Toronto. Stables, forage barns, privies and barracks were built close by. With typical military foresight a woodshed and urinal were located directly in front of the main entrance to the Crystal Palace. Coyne visited the camp and his diary entries leave a curt record of the racial prejudice inherent in Canadian life of the period.

"Sunday, May 8, 1870. . . . The French Canadians are a miserable set, both physically and mentally. The Ontario men and the Montreal Company are a splendid set of men. . . .

"Monday, May 9. . . . Hugh John Macdonald removed to the Crystal Palace barracks tonight in order to be near his brother officers. . . .

"Wednesday, May 11. . . . Went down town with Edwards and Ensign Macdonald. Hugh John treated us to sodas on King Street. He went to Ottawa tonight to see his parents before going to Red River. After coming up to the University I heard a very sad rumour to the effect that his father, Sir John, died this afternoon. I should not be surprised at the truth of the rumour, for this morning's *Globe* had a telegram from Ottawa to the effect that he was very low, and that if relapse set in, it would prove fatal. It would be a fearful blow to Hugh John, and would throw the affairs of the country into confusion and disorder. . . ."

There was indeed some cause for concern about the Prime Minister's health. The previous Saturday while at the parliament buildings Sir John had been stricken with a sudden attack of 'biliary calculus' as the *Daily Leader* discreetly phrased it. The *Daily Telegraph* suggested that the doctor feared complications from 'inflammation of the bowels' and to facilitate the treatment the Prime Minister was not allowed to leave his rooms in the government buildings. However, in a few days, the crisis subsided with the passing of a particularly obstinate gall stone and Coyne was able to record that Sir John was slowly recovering, and later, on Sunday, May 15: ". . . Hugh John Macdonald took dinner with us today. He says his father is entirely out of danger. His company leaves for Red River on Tuesday (May 17). . . ."

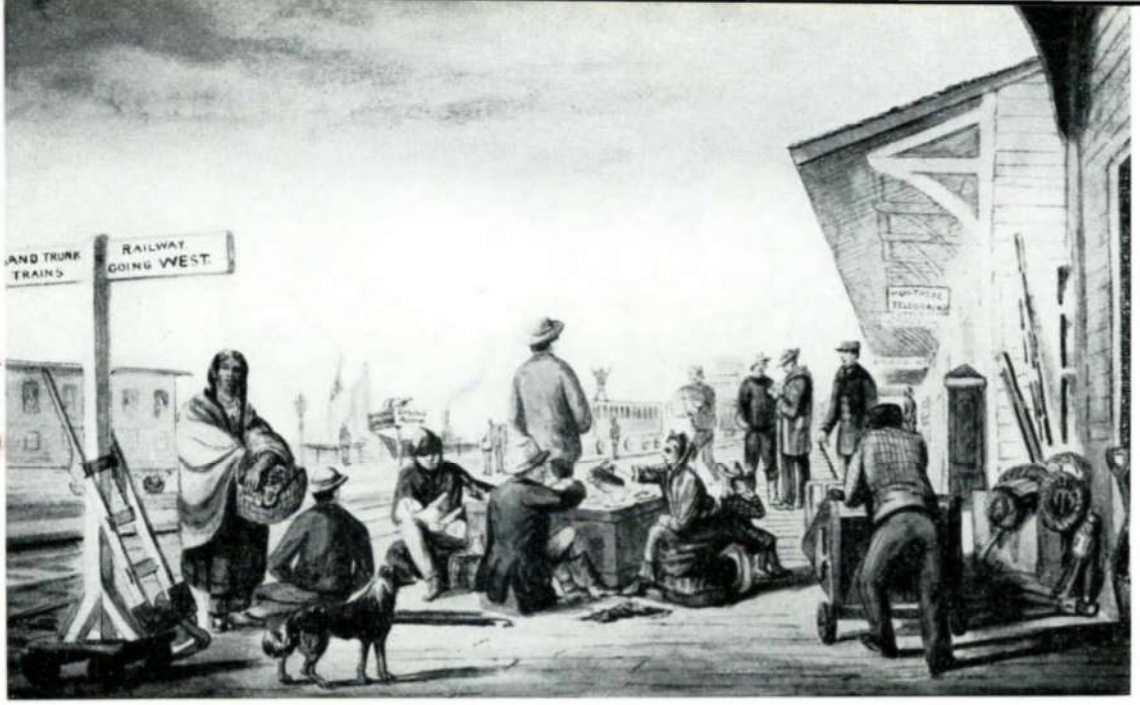
The Crystal Palace, Toronto, barracks for the Red River force

Wolseley issued his standing orders for the trip. The men were to eat biscuit, soft bread, salt pork, sugar, tea, beans, preserved potatoes, pepper, flour, and fresh meat when the delicacy was available. Special attention was given to the boats which were to be their only means of transport, and intricate plans were laid for the chain of supply through the seemingly endless series of lakes between Port Arthur and Fort Garry. But the start was further delayed.

While Coyne wrote his final examinations at the University of Toronto, and Macdonald completed his brief training at the Crystal Palace barracks, the Fenians supplied a potentially ominous diversion.

"Tuesday, May 24, 1870. Queen's Birthday. . . . Telegrams from the frontier represent the Fenians as assembling in numbers in all parts to invade Canada. So be it!

"Wednesday, May 25, 1870. Fenians at Pigeon Hill. . . . Great excitement about the Fenians. Telegrams and extras issuing every hour. Early in the morning or last night the Fenians crossed the Eastern Frontier . . . At about 2 p.m. they attacked the Canadian troops under



Toronto railway station, from a sketch by William Armstrong a decade before Wolseley's soldiers left by train for Collingwood on the first leg of their journey to the Red River

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON COLLECTION, TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

General Lindsay, who routed them with a loss of three killed and seven wounded. All quiet in the west, except that a Fenian vessel with armed men left Detroit last night, pursued by a Yankee war-ship, and that another left Milwaukee about the same time. Let them come. . . .

"Friday, May 27, 1870. Rifle Practice for University Company. At 12 noon, Richards, Gibson and myself went down to the Northern Railway Station at the foot of Brock Street expecting to see the Red River Force start for Collingwood; but learned that they do not leave 'till to-morrow. . . . Fenians still fighting on the Eastern Frontier. The *Telegram* issued thirteen extras today.

"Saturday, May 28, 1870. . . . After rifle practice . . . we [Coyne and Richards] stopped for a few minutes at the Crystal Palace barracks, where we saw Hugh John Macdonald. He promised to take dinner with me to-morrow. . . . Fighting on the Eastern Frontier still goes on. Two Fenian prisoners are said to have been executed this a.m.

"Sunday, May 29, 1870. Hugh John Macdonald took dinner and tea with me. Ensign Bell of Number 7 Company took dinner with Richards. We all spent the afternoon in Kingsford's room. Biggar committed a disgusting *faux pas*. He told the story of Sutherland's temperance sermon, in which the preacher alluded to John Smith getting drunk and being sent to gaol whilst John Somebody-else got drunk and received high government appointments, in consequence and notwithstanding. Hugh John looked strange, but managed to appear not to notice the allusion to his father. I borrowed his hood for Convocation. Very hot today".

This Sunday afternoon, spent in University College Residence, was the last time that Coyne and Macdonald saw each other for almost a year. Macdonald left for the west, and Coyne, after receiving his degree, returned to his home in St. Thomas where he spent the summer months under articles to a local lawyer. In the fall, however, he left the study of law and accepted a position as Head Master of the Cornwall Grammar School. During this period Macdonald and Coyne kept in touch by mail. In less than a month Macdonald wrote his first letter, dated June 26, from Prince Arthur's Landing (later Port Arthur), Thunder Bay.

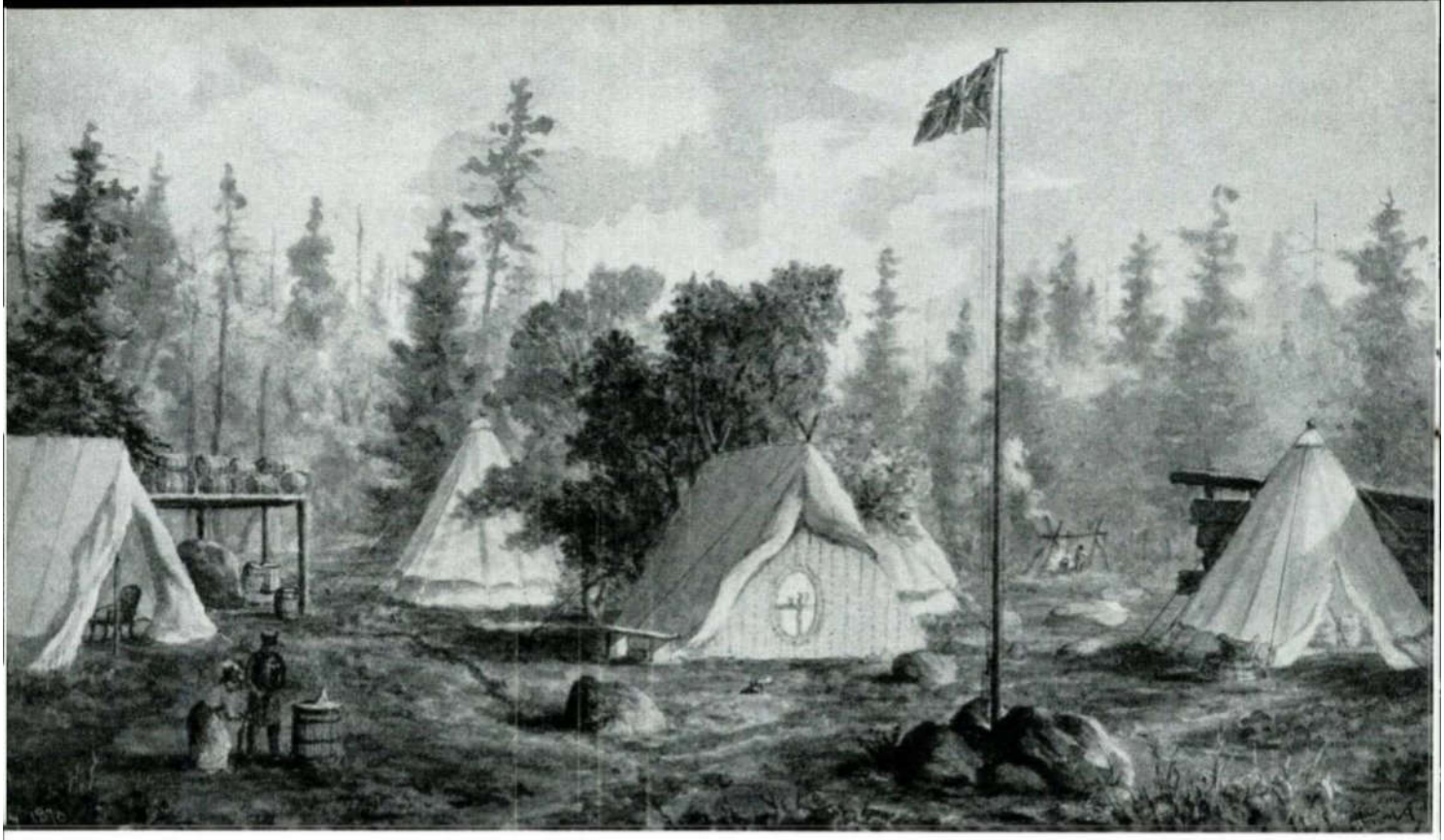
"Dear Copper:

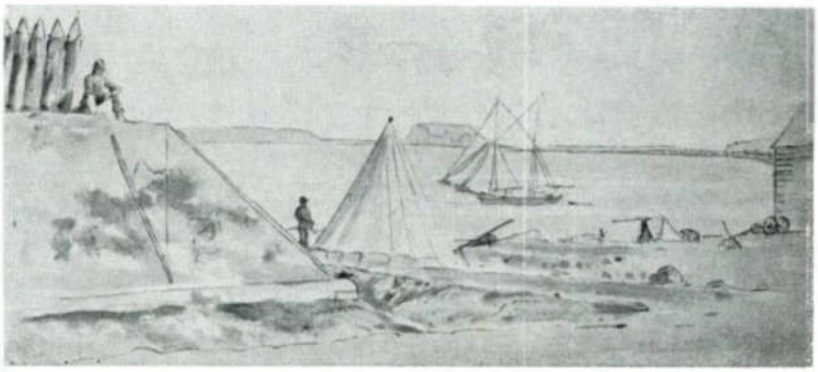
You must allow me to congratulate you on the splendid degree that you took. . . . For a time after I arrived here things were very quiet, fishing, drinking and swearing being the only amusements, and as I don't drink I was reduced to swearing a great deal. About a fortnight ago a mania for boating seized the fellows, although the heavy six-oared boats to be used on the expedition are the only ones here, several good races have come off. The first of the series was between the 60th Rifles and the Engineers. The course was a mile long and the race a very close one, the Engineers winning by only a third of a boat length. . . .

"I don't know when I will leave here and can't say that I am particularly anxious to do so, as we are very comfortable here, and the fishing and boating are first rate. I can tell you this is ahead of studying law. . . .

"I don't know when this letter will leave this [sic] as the steamer *Chicora* was due here on Friday last and is not in sight yet. The squaws here I regret to say are neither good looking, nor strictly virtuous. . . .

Sincerely yours,
Doo John."





PUBLIC ARCHIVES

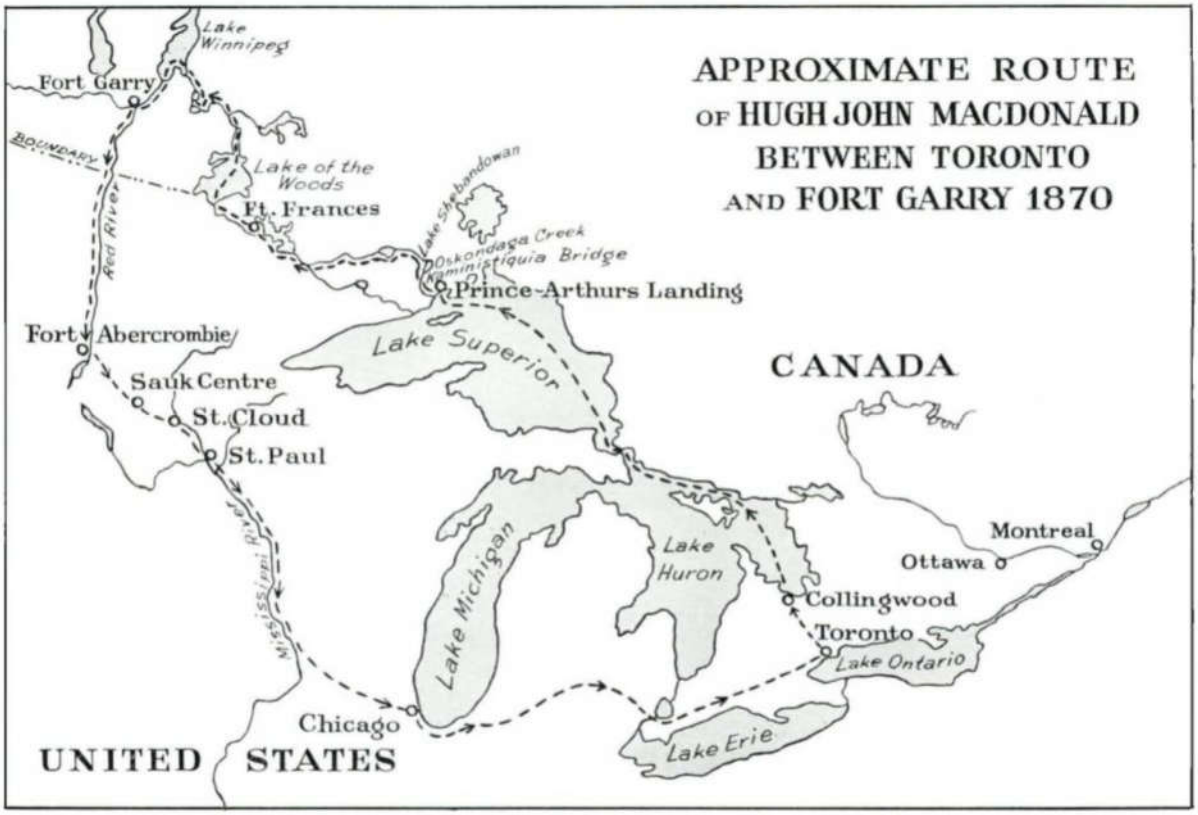
Sketches by William Armstrong showing (left) Thunder Bay where expeditionary force landed after crossing the lakes and (above) Colonel Wolseley's camp at Prince Arthur's Landing in July 1870

FREDA LAWSON

His next letter was from Oskondaga Creek, Dawson's Road, on July 10th.

"Dear Copper:

Your favour of the 5th instant came safely to hand, and I was glad to see by it that you were progressing favourably and had already begun the study of law. . . . Things went very quietly at Thunder Bay from the date of my last letter 'till Monday the 4th at three o'clock in the morning when we were all up and ready to start on a march up the road [Dawson Road]. At about four o'clock the start was effective, the delay being caused by a good many of the men and some of the officers being drunk as the devil. Of course this is private and confidential as I would not like to have it circulated. However, at last we got off and that day marched thirteen miles, part of the time through a heavy thunder storm. The men carried everything but their knapsacks, and the officers the same with the addition of revolvers and ammunition. The Colonel marched at the head of the column all the time, the only mounted officer being the Adjutant, who had a very sore leg. On arriving at the halting ground, the men proceeded at once to rest themselves while we poor devils had to see that they had dinner and some sort of shelter before we looked after our own comforts. I can assure you that it is no easy work to look after a lot of fellows who do not know how to do anything for themselves. This work fell particularly heavy on me as my Captain was on the sicklist and the Lieutenant on detachment, your humble servant being in charge of the company. Next morning we were up and off at two o'clock and marched as far as Kamanistiquia Bridge where we halted and camped. We were just preparing to make ourselves comfortable when



Colonel Wolseley rode into camp and ordered our company and Number 7 to continue the march next day. In accordance with the orders, at four next morning we began a long march of about twenty-five miles over terribly muddy roads in which you would sink up to your ankles every step. The worst of it was the soil. It is damned stiff red clay that sticks to one's feet like the devil. A good many men gave out on the road and came straggling into camp some time after we had arrived. As soon as we reached the place where we were to camp some men were detached to clear the ground, which with the aid of good axes they soon did. We then pitched our tents had supper and went to bed, having first heartily cursed old Dawson. [In 1858 S. J. Dawson recommended the route that the troops were taking as part of a combined road and river route between Fort Garry and Port Arthur, at that time called Prince Arthur's Landing. The survey for the road had only been started in the summer of 1869.]

"He may perhaps call this 'a good road' but in my civilized country it would pass for a very respectable swamp. We are encamped about a mile beyond the Oskondaga Creek, in a place abounding with mosquitoes, blackflies, sand flies and other small game. None of them trouble me, thank God, but all of them go for the Captain. I really believe that the devil got up this expedition for the purpose of getting hold of my immortal soul, as I am already beginning to swear a little. The example set me by my Captain is not good, as I am sorry to say that he does not bear the bites of the mosquitoes, doubtless made by the Lord, with the patience of a Christian, and whenever evening approaches my ears are shocked with oaths. Since our arrival here we have been very busy road-making not a very intellectual work, but I hope it won't last long as the first detachment of the 60th Rifles leaves tomorrow morning and we are to be the first of our battalion to leave. Address your letters as before.

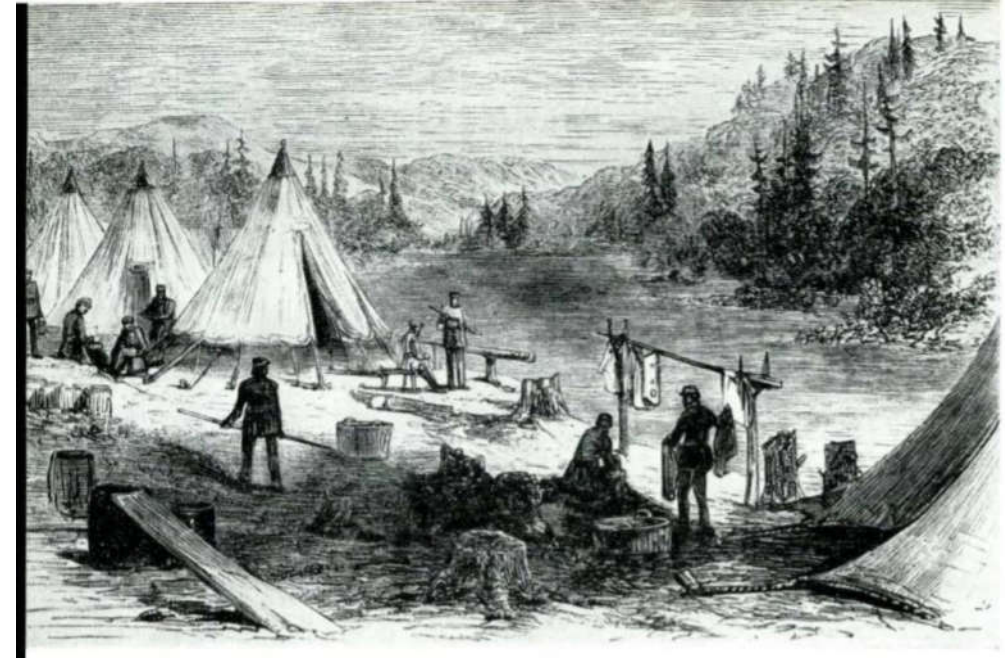
Sincerely yours,
Satan."

Macdonald's next letter was written after his detachment arrived at Fort Garry. More then half the letter describes his experiences during the arduous trip from one portage to another as the green troops from Canada tramped and rowed their way through the watery wilderness toward Riel's capital.

Fort Garry, September 12, 1870.

"My dear Copper:

Many thanks for your letter which reached me soon after I got to this delectable place. . . . I will only mention a few particulars concerning myself and the Company to which I belong. On the 21st of July, Number Seven Company, the leading one of our battalion, left . . . the south shore of Lake Shebandowan. As ours was the next on the list I was up at four o'clock on the morning of the 22nd and in company with the others who were to have charge of the boats proceeded to the shore to choose our boats and *voyageurs*. I was fortunate enough to get a good Caravel built boat and two first class



Camp of the 60th Rifles at the Kaministiquia River

Dawson's Road

Iroquois *voyageurs*, who thoroughly understood their business. I can assure you that I often thought thankful on the way up for having such good men when I saw how utterly incompetent the white *voyageurs* were. We were ready to start at nine o'clock, but a strong head wind which was blowing detained us 'till 4 p.m. when we got off and at last fairly began the expedition. We went over 600 miles of water, ran numerous rapids, crossed 42 portages, were very much delayed by head winds and slowness of the regulars and reached the long talked of Fort Garry on the 27th of August. . . .

"This portaging is far from pleasant work and at first it came very hard on the men as it was altogether different from anything they had ever done before. For some time they could not be induced to adopt the Indian fashion of carrying loads by means of a stirrup strap across the forehead but . . . before we got here it did not take our boys long to cross a portage. We used to get up between three and four o'clock in the morning, eat hard tack and pork, drink tea, work hard all day and go to bed at 9 p.m. There were very few days that I did not get a little wet, and on Lake Winnipeg I was wet for thirty-six hours at a stretch with nothing dry to put on, even my blankets being soaked through and yet I had not a single day's sickness. . . ."

In military annals the expedition to Fort Garry set a new record for moving men and equipment over difficult terrain. However, the mud and mosquitoes were too fresh in the minds of the men for them to pay much attention to their place in military history. One hope seemed to keep morale high—the thought of a scrap with Riel and his rebels! Even before the troops left Toronto, Scott's fate had become a legend of martyrdom at the hands of the murderous Métis. As the men worked their way closer to Fort Garry, plans for revenge obscured thoughts about their miserable trip and the original purpose of the expedition.

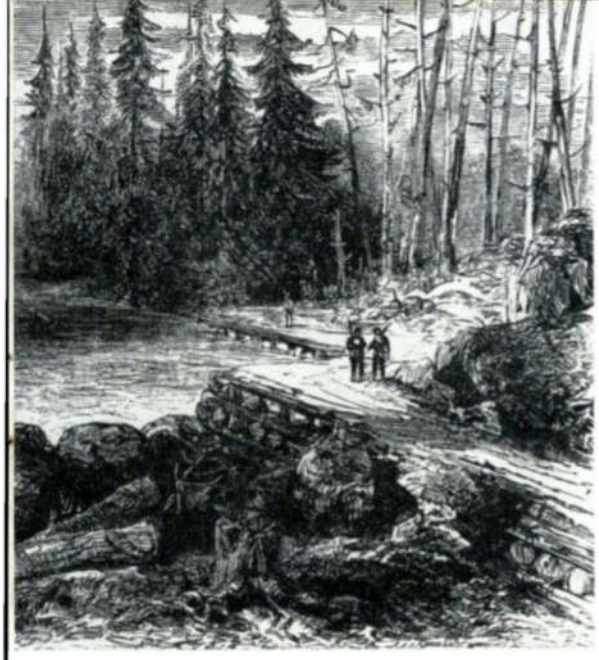
At Fort Garry Riel's position fluctuated as a jumble of reports reached him concerning the progress and the purpose of the Canadian force. Uncertainty shrouded Riel's confidence in the motives of the government. Perhaps, he and his men would be treated as traitors and gleefully hung by Wolseley's troops. The attitudes of the soldiers from Ontario were no secret at the Fort. Perhaps their tough Colonel could not control them?

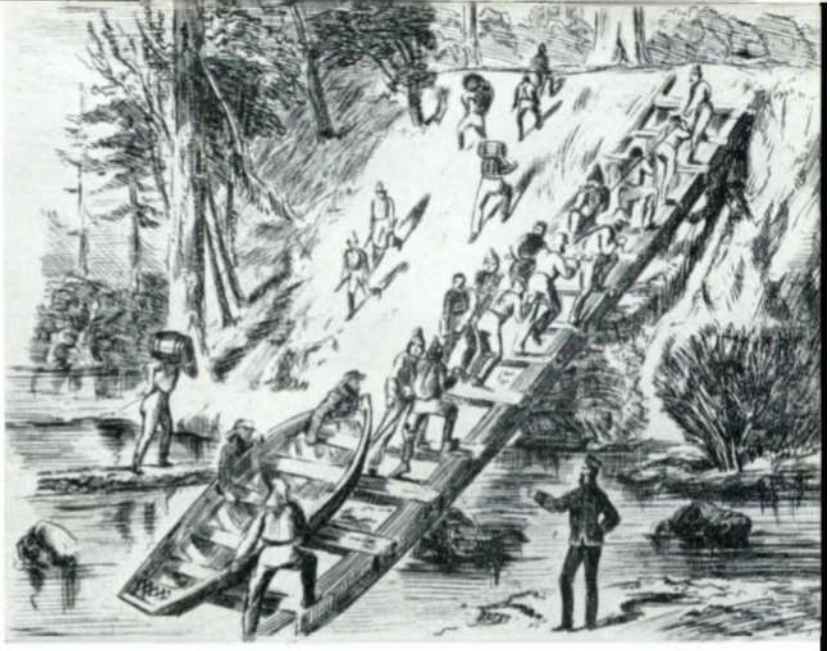
At the last moment, Riel bolted! Discretion can often be the better part of valour but to the troops Riel's flight simply confirmed his guilt. The original motive of keeping the peace had been completely forgotten. When the force left their comfortable camp at Prince Arthur's Landing (Port Arthur) early in July, their trip ceased being a gay, patriotic and adventuresome military excursion. Rather, faced with the discomforting reality of more than 400 miles of mud, mosquitoes and portages, the soldiers experienced a tortuous nightmare of long marches and back-breaking work broken by periodic dousings in open boats on rough water. Ordinarily it might be expected that morale would sag to the point of grumbling apathy, but the misguided hope of revenge for Scott in a scrap with the rebellious Métis kept the spirits of the troops remarkably high.

In one respect only do Macdonald's remarks vary from the zealous revenge sought by Ontario Tories. His accusing finger pointed not only at the bewildered Métis but also at everyone else at Fort Garry except the haggard pro-Canadian faction that was loosely held together by the contentious ubiquity of the legendary Dr Schultz.

In a few days the Red River Settlement officially became a part of Canada without Riel's participation in the

Members of the Red River Expedition made a pictorial record of their travels for publication in various contemporary periodicals



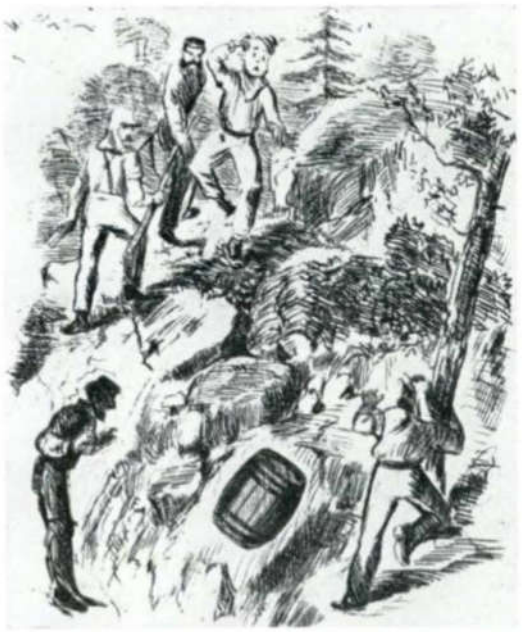


Portaging a boat

ceremonies. Too much play had been given to hostility toward Riel for the transfer to be an unqualified success. Unfortunately the incident gave momentum to continued bad feelings toward the westerners. Mistrust had been planted early in the negotiations. Riel's escape helped the seedling sprout, and the Canadian government held a watering can over it for fifteen years. Finally the seedling of 1870 bloomed into a second rebellion with more force and bloodshed than the first.

On the morning the soldiers marched through the gates of the Fort, a taunting rain added misery to the troops' disappointment when they found out Riel had 'escaped'. It never occurred to most of them that they were not there to capture him. In any event there would be no hangings. In his letter of 12 September Macdonald wrote, of their arrival at Fort Garry on 27 August:

"... We were the first volunteer Company here as Number Seven, the only [Company] ahead of us at the start, was detained at Fort Frances to guard the stores left there. ... On arriving here we were all very much disgusted to hear that Riel and his gang had been allowed



"An evasive pork barrel"

Running down the portage rollers to haul up another load

to escape when they could have easily been caught and that no one was to suffer death for the murder of poor Scott. Now as I am a regular Tory, this state of things does not please me at all for I do not like loyalty to go unrewarded or treason unpunished. . . . From what I can hear there is no doubt that the Hudson's Bay Company and the priests were the cause of all the trouble, Riel being only a tool in their hands, so if I had the management of the affair I would have strung up all the members of the late so-called Provisional Government, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and some of the *Clergy* [Macdonald's underlining] and then have issued an amnesty to the rest. I know that it would give me great pleasure to be in charge of a firing party to give McTavish, the Chief Factor here, his first *pousse*.

"His Excellency [Lieutenant-Governor (later Sir) Adams George Archibald had been a strong advocate of Confederation earlier in the decade. In 1867 he became Canada's first Secretary of State. He retained this post until May 1870 when he accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba and the North West Territories] arrived on Friday September 2 at ten o'clock at night and consequently his entry was very quiet. But next morning we fired a salute in his honour and on Tuesday we held a *levee* after which he reviewed our Battalion and we went through the usual routine of marching past.

"Dr. Schulty [Schultz] arrived on Sunday and Tuesday morning he gave the editor of the *New Nation*, a blackguard named Spence, a devilish good hoss whipping for speaking in a most villainous manner of Mrs. Shulty. The Doctor is the first man of the place and is almost worshipped by the loyal settlers.

"There was a little excitement caused last night by rockets being sent up several miles South of this and answered from the village. All the men were got in readiness to turn out but nothing came of it. Today the investigation is going on.

"Don't forget that after this all letters come through the States and must have a six cent stamp on or go to the dead letter office.

Yours sincerely,
Satan."

Riel's first insurrection was over. The intrusive pomp of the drill-manual ceremonies organized to garland Governor Archibald's arrival made it official. Finally the moment of inevitable anachronism when the discipline of civilization meets the foreign unsophistication of an isolated frontier came to the west. From now on there would be no compromising the force of progress. The early residents were either lost among the new settlers or moved farther west where they could continue to try and preserve the mores of their insular society for a few more years. With the uprising over Canadian authority settled, a new era of transplanting the civilized ways of the east to the reluctant outposts began.

The expeditionary force had served its purpose; John A. Macdonald's pacifier had quelled wailing Ontario Tories, and the lands of the Hudson's Bay Company were securely attached to Canada. Militia units were quickly disbanded and in less than two months, Hugh John Macdonald wrote another letter to his friend, James Coyne, this time from Ottawa.

Ottawa, November 7, 1870.

"My dear Copper:

Both your letters duly received, and allow me to thank you for writing so often. . . .

"I had a very pleasant trip over the prairies on my way home. I was fortunate enough to start at the same time as Jolly of the Commissariat and two of his sergeants. Our cavalcade issued from the gates of Fort Garry in the following order. 1. Our half-breed guide on horseback. 2. A spring wagon containing the sergeants, and drawn by a pair of horses. 3. A light, one-horse buggy with Jolly and myself. 4. A cart with our traps. 5. Another cart with the old half-breed's wife and moveables. 6. A boy on horseback whose duty it was to look after a spare horse that we allowed to run at large. I can assure you that we presented a picturesque not to say imposing appearance.

"We had not gone far, however, before the buggy broke down and Jolly and I had to take refuge in the wagon, which we found very comfortable. Jolly is a first-rate fellow and I enjoyed my trip very much with the exception of the day that we reached Fort Abercrombie when it was raining like the devil and was beastly wet. The sergeants made themselves very useful, pitching our tent at night, struck it in the morning, cooked our meals, made our beds, and looked after our things. We had a gun with us and as geese, ducks and prairie hens were very numerous we almost lived on game. We got into Fort Abercrombie on Saturday the 15th of October just a week from

"Writing home"

Fort Garry in 1870 showing the north gate, the only part still standing

the time we left Fort Garry and just too late for the stage so there we had to remain 'till Tuesday morning. We did not mind that much though as at the hotel where we were stopping the grub was good, the beds were nice and clean, the landlady a Canadian and the baccy [tobacco] plenty.

"At last Tuesday came and with it the stage, which is a vehicle drawn by four splendid horses which are frequently changed about every 15 miles on an average, so I don't doubt in the least that under ordinarily favourable circumstances travelling by stage would be very pleasant, but in our case we were rather overcrowded. The usual load is 8 inside and 1 outside but we had twelve inside and 6 out so you may imagine that we were packed as close as herrings in a barrel. Well this lasted for two days, at the end of which we reached Sauk Centre where we changed our old box stage for a regular coach, and when a young Southern girl got on board I gave her my seat and went outside where I and two other fellows had literally to be tied on with ropes so overcrowded was the stage. When we got to the last place for changing horses we were an hour behind time and everyone thought we would be late for the train and one of my fellow passengers indiscreetly offered to bet $12.00 that we would not catch the train. The bet was immediately taken up by the driver, and then perhaps the whip remained unused, perhaps so. We came into St. Clouds on the full gallop having made the last 23 miles in two hours and five minutes, pretty good time for a heavily laden stage. Ah! I forgot to mention that O'Donoghue [William B.], lately Treasurer of Manitoba was a fellow passenger of mine from Abercrombie, and behaved in a very respectable manner for a Fenian and a blackguard. Just as we were going to get on the train we found that a tin box of Jolly's containing all the accounts connected with the expedition had been left at Sauk Centre when we changed stages. We had to wait two days for that, and at 2 p.m. on Saturday the 22nd got on a train and at 7 p.m. reached St. Pauls, where we stayed Sunday and the greater part of Monday at the Metropolitan Hotel, the best house I ever was in. St. Pauls is a town of about 22,000 inhabitants, built on the side of a bluff and is a very busy place with lots of pretty girls. On Monday afternoon we left and on Tuesday evening we got to Chicago where we spent the next day 'till 5 p.m. when we got on the train for Canada and I came straight on to Ottawa where I arrived at 10 a.m. on Friday the 28th inst. I forgot to mention that I often slept with the prairie on fire all around me, of course at a safe distance, and once had to drive through it. I have often read of prairies on fire but never expected to see it. I don't know what my next movement will be, whether I will return to Fort Garry, go in for Law, or business. We [the Macdonald family] have been moving lately and of course I was kept very busy. We are now settled in the new house. I will leave for Kingston on Wednesday so please address your letters there. . . .

I remain as ever, Yours
Hugh John Macdonald."

After enjoying a brief holiday in Kingston, the Prime Minister's son returned to Ottawa where once again he took up the legal studies that he found so boring. At this juncture Hugh John began to grumble about the disadvantages of living at home. Like most young men of his age he chafed easily under parental authority and longed for the time when he could lead his own life.

Ottawa, January 9, 1871.

"My dear Copper:

. . . I am working like the very devil now trying to be ready for my first Intermediate examination on the 8th of next month. I read all my spare time in the office, at four o'clock go for a walk, and then from 7 'till 12 p.m. I read and smoke at home. I had a great battle about smoking downstairs, but I told them [his parents] that if I could not smoke downstairs I would take my books up to my own room and smoke and read there. This they did not consider wholesome so they at last gave in and now I puff away in the dining room. . . .

"I got a paper from Fort Garry the other day containing a speech . . . which was the moving cause of a violent debate between my father and myself on the manner in which the loyal inhabitants have been and are still being treated. I pitched into the whole policy of the government on the Red River matter and I don't doubt that if they (that is the government) only knew it they would feel distressed not to say alarmed. My father did not say much after I finished but his looks were downcast and his spirits low for several days.

"I really do think that the loyal people have been treated most shamefully and the rebels altogether too

leniently. Indeed that seems to be the principle of the Governments of Britain and her colonies *vide* the paying of the losses of rebels in 1837-38 and releasing the Fenians both here and in the old country. It is so repugnant to my Tory notions of justice that I would become a strong advocate for annexation were it not for the Yankees' doggonned bad principles and constitution.

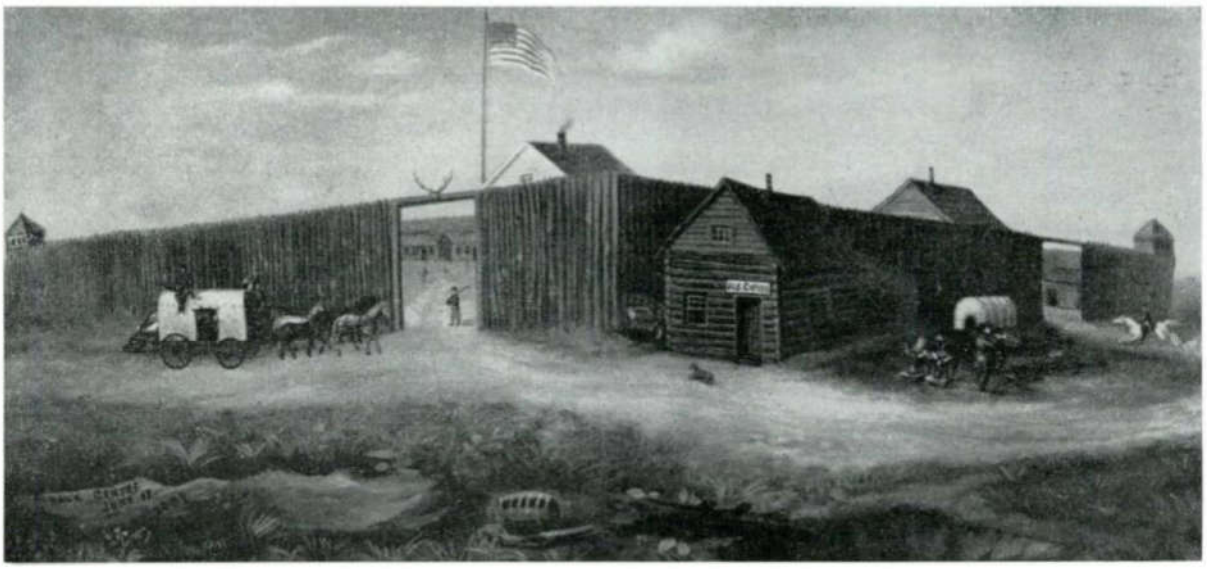
". . . I can't say that I like living at home as well as being on my own hook, for though I am more comfortable, I am not nearly so independent. I can't bring a lot of fellows down to dinner or can't route out anyone, or set off any squibs. Good Lord wouldn't my mother raise a row if I routed her out and squibbed her. I can't flourish about with red pokers, shy water over people, rub chairs on the wall or go in for a regular good scuff for five minutes by the clock. No sir, my mind is made up that this is the last experience I shall have of living at home, and that when I go up to Toronto again to study I will start fresh on my own hook and remain so. . . ."

After being called to the bar in 1872, Hugh John's independence naturally increased. However, it soon became apparent that he must learn to cope with the problems that went along with being the son of a famous man. Entering his father's law firm proved to be a mistake. This association continually forced him into the background and accentuated disagreements over the conduct of the business.

In 1882, soon after the death of his first wife, Hugh John escaped to the scene of the only real experience at being his own master he had ever enjoyed. At Winnipeg the prospects of a future on his "own hook" seemed very bright and for a decade he indulged himself in relative independence. His legal training assured him of a comfortable living, and in 1885 he saw more adventure and this time some action during the campaigns of Riel's Saskatchewan Rebellion. However, by 1891 his keen sense of public duty and his inescapable family background steered him into politics. In that year he won a seat in the House of Commons as the member for Winnipeg. Now he could not entertain any thoughts of forgetting he was his father's son. During the next election, in 1896, Macdonald confessed his feelings to Coyne:

". . . I re-entered the political arena most unwillingly and only because Sir Charles Tupper practically made it a personal matter; and the relations which existed between him and my father were such that it was impossible for me to resist his appeal. I hope for the sake of the Country that the Government will be sustained; but I confess that on my own account I should be very glad to have Martin [his opponent] returned as the next member for Winnipeg. . . ."

Despite private misgivings there would be no turning aside from a political career. Hugh John's personal popularity was too great and his family connection too



Sauk Centre stockade in 1864, from a painting in the Sauk Centre Public Library

valuable for party organizers to allow him the relative seclusion of private life. In the 1896 election the courts voided his initial victory; over-zealous party supporters had spent money for cabs to take voters to the polls. His opponent won the new contest.

After this unfortunate organizational blunder Macdonald lent his prestige to provincial politics. In December 1899 he led the Manitoba Conservatives to victory by defeating Thomas Greenway's Liberals. Early in the new year he took office as Premier and set to work implementing his election promises on the controversial issues of new factory, franchise, and liquor legislation. Almost immediately an internal fissure developed in the party solidarity over the extent to which campaign promises were being honoured.

When the Macdonald Bill placed prohibition on the Manitoba statute books the party struggle began in earnest. The Premier was altogether too diligent in fulfilling his promises to suit many members of the party. After eight months of vigorous legislation the anti-Macdonald faction decided their only hope lay in deposing their leader. They devised a plan to convince Macdonald that he should abandon provincial politics to win a seat in the House of Commons where he could do more for the party by fighting Laurier. If the Conservatives won the forthcoming federal election he would be high on the list of prospective cabinet ministers. The campaign could be staged in Brandon against Clifford Sifton.

But for one thing, the idea was simple enough to be successful. Did Macdonald know that he stood virtually no chance of beating Sifton? Would he realize that the plan to send him to Ottawa was in reality a plot to remove him permanently from politics?

By this time, Premier Macdonald's enemies regarded him as Manitoba's very own Don Quixote. They gambled that he would accept their suggestion to resign as an opportunity to fight bigger windmills in Ottawa. Apparently their leader was completely beguiled for he accepted their challenging proposal and rode out to do battle with Clifford Sifton. His deceitful advisors stood along the sidelines and smiled secretly as they watched Laurier's skilful lieutenant unhorse poor Macdonald. Their plot had worked perfectly. Clad in his battered armour and dragging his broken lance behind him, Don Quixote limped away from the scene of his defeat. His wounds were too serious to consider a rematch at some later date. Hugh John retired permanently from politics.

The standard interpretation is that Macdonald played the fool in a drama that ended in his political exile. Perhaps though, under the surface of his defeat, Hugh John emerged with a personal victory. In view of his remarks concerning the prospect of federal office in 1896 it is not good enough to conclude that he regarded a similar post with more relish in 1900. As Premier of Manitoba he could have served his party and satisfied his conscience that he was not shirking the call of public duty. Why then did he resign a secure post as the leader of his provincial party to seek higher office? He would enjoy less authority

PUBLIC ARCHIVES

Hugh John Macdonald in the 1890s

in Ottawa and by going would open himself to endless comparisons with his father. That he was completely deluded by his enemies is also an unsatisfactory solution. He had been connected with western politics too long not to realize that his chances of election were slim in Brandon. Could it be that he anticipated the defeat that his enemies planned and welcomed it?

Perhaps the fool was to have the last laugh. The real answer was buried with Macdonald in 1929. But there is no evidence to suggest that he did not enjoy the obscurity of life as a private citizen. Not everyone wants to follow in his father's footsteps—fame or no fame. ◆

THE STONE CARVINGS

OF AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE

by Thomas H. Ainsworth

Photographs by Richard Harrington

FROM THE LAST QUARTER of the nineteenth century to recent times, along the Fraser River and on the islands of the Gulf of Georgia, in British Columbia, many unique specimens of stone sculpture have been discovered during the course of land clearing, farming, roadmaking, and other soil-turning operations.

Aside from small pendants, such carvings are designed as bowls, in zoomorphic or human form; and it requires but little imagination to assign a practical purpose to the animal bowls due to the pestles sometimes found in association. It is the human figure bowls which present a problem, with only logical assumption as a guide to their use, which may have been in ceremonies which involved primitive magic. There is no oilstain or other evidence of use as lamps, and the size and shape of the bowls would restrict their use to containing a small quantity of herbs or fluid with which to propitiate some ancient god or spirit.

The seated human figure bowls range in size from three and a half to fourteen inches high.

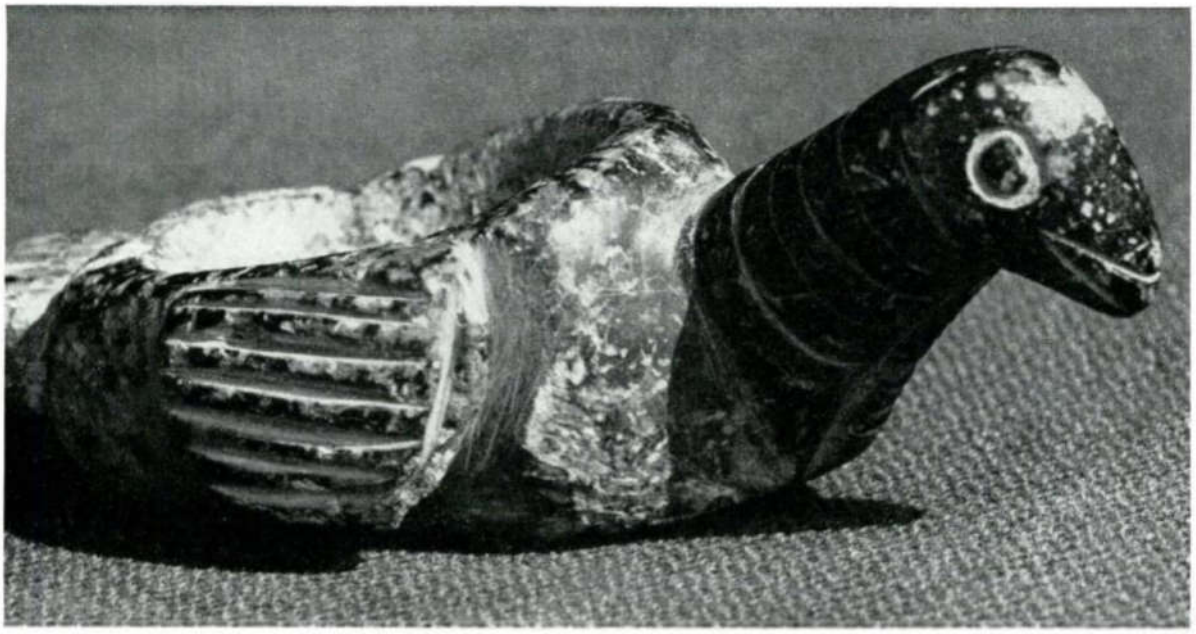
Attention to such stone sculpture was stirred by Harlan I. Smith, Ottawa archaeologist, during the early years of this century, and more recently by Wilson Duff, provincial anthropologist, in his "Prehistoric Stone Sculpture of the Fraser River and Gulf of Georgia."

Found in many instances quite by accident, often beneath the roots of a giant cedar or fir tree, and occasionally among the artifacts in the Indian

Until his retirement this year owing to ill health, Mr Ainsworth was curator of the Vancouver City Museum

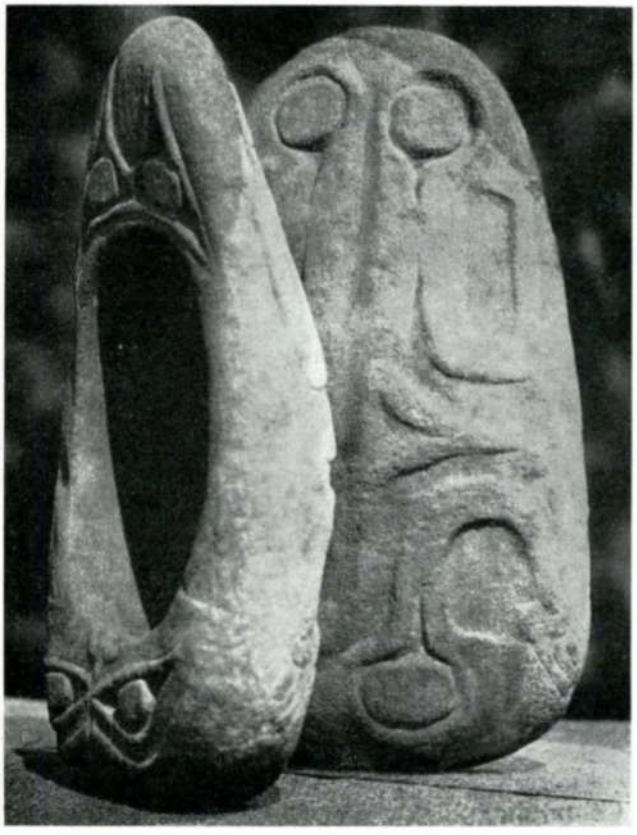
This figure was found on old Indian ground at Bonsall Creek near Duncan, Vancouver Island; carved in coarse sandstone, it is 12 inches high, 7 inches at broadest

Opposite: One of the finest carvings discovered, this bowl of fine-grain grey soapstone, 10 inches high, with split snake in front, was found on a bank of the Fraser River near Lillooet



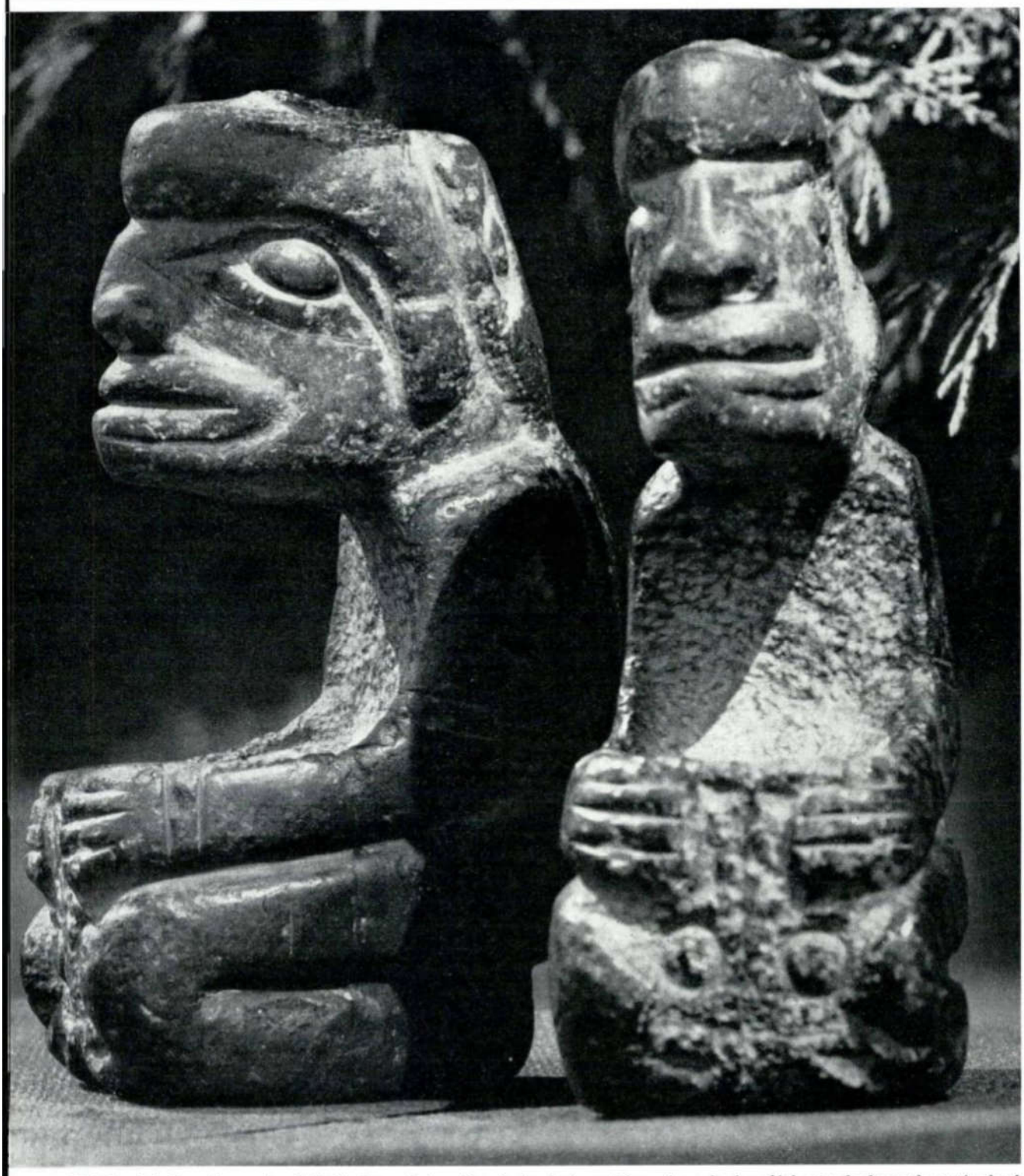
Turtle bowl, 8 inches long, of dark grey soapstone, found at Chilliwack in the Fraser valley while excavating a house basement

Bowl of fine-grain sandstone with frog design, 8¾ by 5 inches, found sixty years ago on southern Vancouver Island beneath a cedar tree several hundred years old

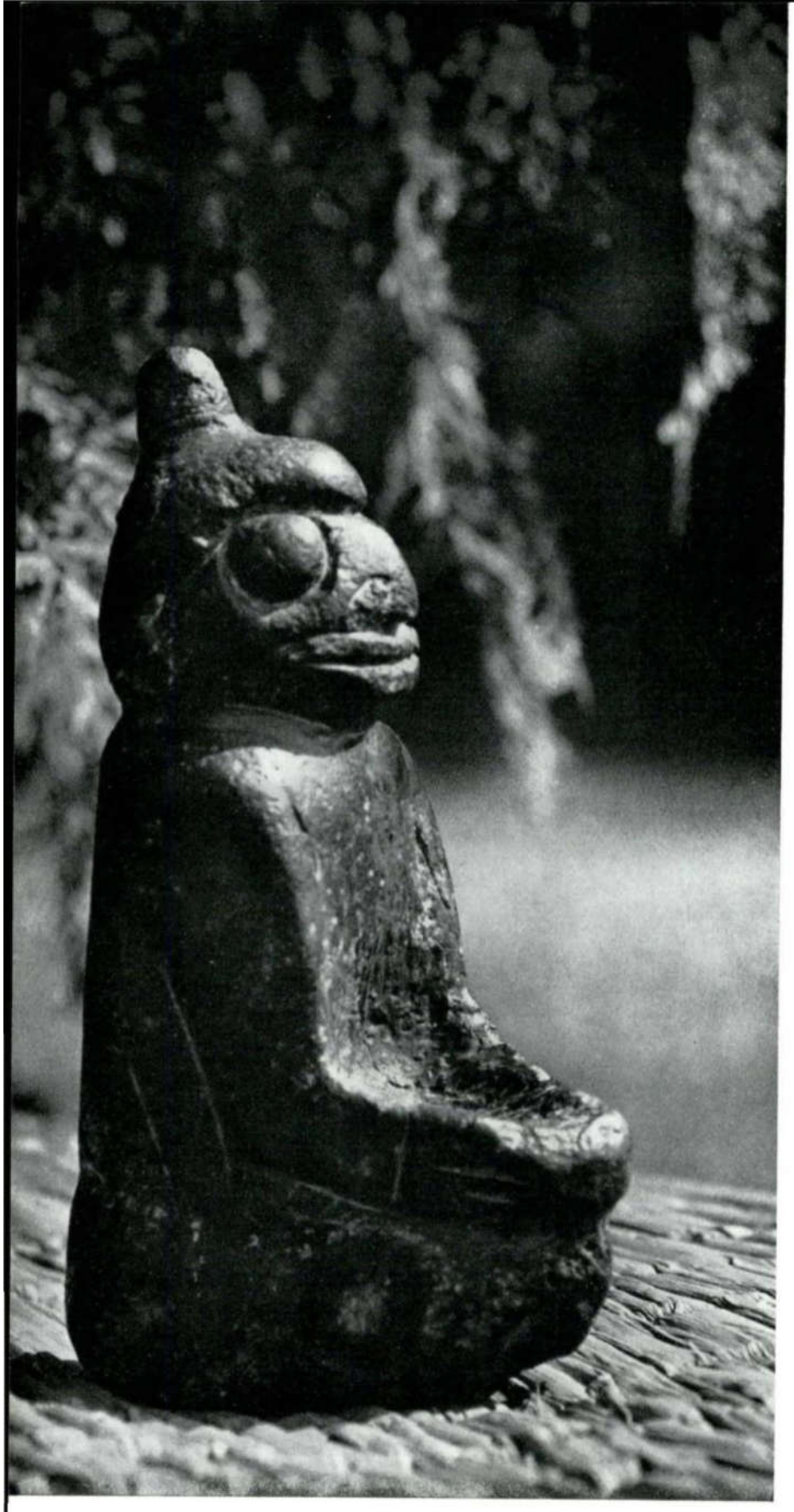


middens, which date in some locations to the fifth century B.C., these objects offer no clue either as to origin or assured purpose. There were no tiered cities as on the site of Troy, nor was there any traceable relationship to historic Indian sculpture such as that which existed from Aztec to Toltec and beyond. These carvings were unknown to the present native race, and so, pending further enlightenment, they are likely to remain an enigma in an archaeological isolation, devoid of cultural prototype or sequence.

It will be noted that the human figure is in a squatting or sitting position with the hands extended to embrace the knees, from which to the upper chest a hollow has been fashioned by pecking. While the facial contour and the shape of the eyes sometimes differ according to locality, it is the singularity of the squatting human figure design which sets it apart. The back is sometimes ornamented with a totemic design such as a serpent or a frog. Such



This bowl is the only one in which the figure is kneeling instead of squatting. A snake in relief extends down the entire back of the 9½ inch high figure of grey soapstone with brownish patina. Found near Haney beneath the stump of a large first-growth fir, there were a number of large stones surrounding it in a manner to suggest that the site was a meeting place



bowls have no counterpart in any section of the world known to me.

The consistency of this design influenced Dr Harlan Smith to define its cultural range as being between the Gulf Islands and the interior of British Columbia. This geographical limitation was accepted without question until 1954 when a far-flung specimen created some doubt. As the result of interest awakened by a magazine article, the carving shown on the left was brought to the writer at the Vancouver City Museum. It had been found in an empty truck used to transport household effects. The eventual tracing of the owner of the carving revealed that it had been discovered on the Seward Peninsula, Alaska, in 1900, by Solomon Cameron while digging a water flume for gold mining. Offered as some degree of proof was the mark of a miner's pick which had split the figure along both the spine and ribs. This specimen is carved of andesite, whereas most of the British Columbia specimens are of soapstone.

Well-rooted archaeological or anthropological opinions are sacrosanct, with any exceptions to the rule being suspect. Certainly it is not accepted by the experts that the Seward bowl originated in Alaska. This is a strange dogma in face of the acceptance that Man's migration to this continent was by way of the Bering Sea, skirted by the Seward Peninsula.

Where the finding of the flared drinking cup of the Beaker Folk has led to many converging migratory roads in Europe so it is hoped that there will be an eventual discovery of the Fraser River type of bowl in Asia. To that end, photographs of the human figure bowls have been placed on file with the Soviet Academy of Sciences through our Ambassador. Somewhere in the Siberian tundra there may be an answer to the riddle of this strange sculpture. ◆

Opposite: Andesite figure, 9¼ inches high, with an owl-like face on the front beneath the hands, found in 1900 on the Seward peninsula, Alaska, some 4 to 6 feet beneath the surface in hard-packed gravel and ice

Left: Carving of volcanic rock, 7 inches high, found in a cave at Pemberton Meadows is hollowed at the back to form a receptacle

Below: Found during land-clearing operations near Webster's Corner, Fraser valley, this 9 inch high bowl of light bluish soapstone shows the head of a snake in front between the feet; a hole drilled at top of head indicates use of a thong for suspension or carrying

The Casual Kogmoliks

BY W. G. CRISP

In 1926 Mr Crisp joined the "Baymaud" as wireless operator and served in her three years, the last two when she was moored at Cambridge Bay

THE WHITE TRAPPER who brought his forty-foot schooner alongside the *Baymaud* when she anchored at Herschel Island in the Western Arctic said any kind of a kogmolik knot would hold her. He used the word kogmolik quite freely. He wanted to get back to the Kogmoliks country for the winter; he thought nothing could beat a kogmolik sleigh. His weatherbeaten face was the colour of old sealskin, but his ragged artiggi couldn't disguise his blue eyes and Scandinavian origin. He was one of the whalers who had come to hunt the bowhead whale in the days when baleen was in demand for corset stays and buggy whips.

But the days of whaling were over and, at the age of twenty-one, I was more interested in the present. As I gazed over the rail, down at the howling dogs tied to the small schooner's bulwarks, it seemed to me that we had definitely left civilization behind. When I heard that there was a mother dog with a new litter of pups under the skipper's bunk, and that she was gnawing at a freshly killed seal carcass, I decided I was among real northerners at last. And I had heard an Eskimo word that to me held an exotic flavour of the remote, little explored coasts for which we were bound.

From then on I decided to soft-pedal stories about my life afloat. I had made a few trips to the Queen Charlottes and had been to California in a tanker, but actually most of my knowledge of the sea had been acquired making entries in the ledgers of a shipping firm whose office overlooked Vancouver harbour. If I had pulled a long bow at times, I didn't think I had been doing too badly on the voyage around Barrow, considering I had as shipmates a crew of arctic veterans, many of whom had escaped across the ice when the *Lady Kindersley* was crushed in 1924.

The headlines about the *Baychimo* in the fall of 1925, when she barely got out before freeze-up were vivid in my mind. And I remembered seeing her dock in Vancouver with huge dents in her plates. I had, justifiably

A deckload of arctic dogs

I think, expected some excitement on my first trip to the Arctic, but the 120 feet of the H B C schooner *Baymaud* had chugged through the Barrow ice while a favourable wind held the main pack offshore, and a blazing sun, reflected from the large floes, made her white painted hull look dingy in contrast.

Ian MacKinnon, who was acting as our purser, was returning from furlough after three winters at arctic posts. He had originally gone in on the maiden trip of the *Lady Kindersley* so he had been a valuable source of information to me on the voyage. Now he was called upon to explain the word kogmolik. It was sometimes used as a term of mild contempt for the primitive, because the Copper Eskimo of Coronation Gulf were known to the Mackenzie Eskimos as Kogmoliks. Evidently it meant "the people to the east", but the Copper Eskimo didn't appear to have such a word in their language. But as to there being people to the east, of course there were the people of Queen Maud Gulf, and they could tell you about the people east on King William Land.

I wasn't sorry that we were pushing on at once on our way eastward. With the exception of the ex-whaler the people who came aboard at Herschel were disappointing as colourful characters. The Missionaries were not militant enough, the Mounties didn't seem to be on the track of any criminals. The Hudson's Bay Company people, whom I took to be the equivalent of the old wintering partners, disappointed me by not staging one of the wild debauches I had read about in northern novels. The Church, the Law, and Commerce all shattered my illusions by their restraint. There was no excess of piety and the only carnal excess was displayed when they gobbled up the cook's remaining stock of fresh tomatoes.

A week later we reached the country of the Copper Eskimo—the people, who had been in touch with white men for little more than a decade, who were known to the Mackenzie Delta Eskimos as Kogmoliks. Now I was beginning to think more respectfully of the humble tomato. We were eating dried potatoes and salt beef; the reindeer carcasses that we had picked up at Teller, Alaska, hung in the rigging reflecting an unappetizing sheen of iridescent green. At least so it appeared to me; but when the first Kogmoliks we met came aboard to help with the cargo at Bernard Harbour, they smacked their lips at the sight of that ripe meat. They drew their knives and cut off strips of the highly scented flesh and clamping one end in their teeth would cut off mouthfuls with quick slashes that just missed their short noses. This was more like the far North!

Ashore, the Anglican Mission was established in a sod house, which had been built twelve years before by the Canadian Arctic Expedition and in it had been recorded the way of life of a people emerging from the Stone Age. Those people must still have been bewildered at the different facets of our civilization, probably more by what to us were common everyday things—such as the purring of the ship's cat, or the chief engineer's false teeth which had a tendency to pop out at them. They were quite voluble about things like that. Confronted by the moral implications of the notice posted on the R.C.M.P. barracks they remained taciturn.

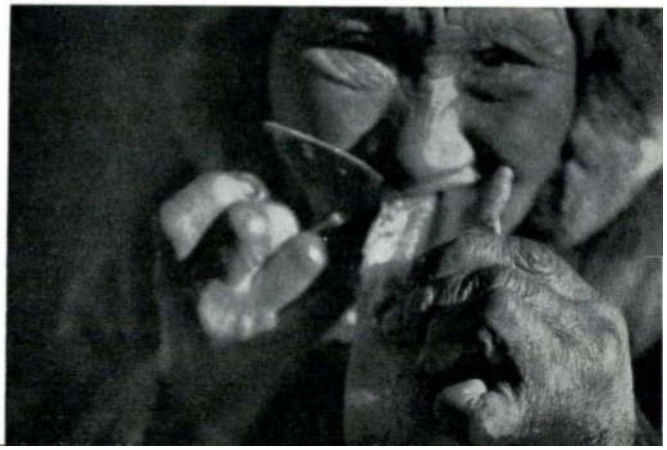
"Ovunga, George V . . ." (I, George V) that notice started, and went on in phonetically spelt Eskimo to convey a solemn warning that murder was a serious crime that must be punished. I figured I had reached the wild and woolly North at last when I saw a proclamation like that displayed as casually as a "No Parking" sign. One thing puzzled me: the grim tone of the English translation describing the penalty for disobeying the edict seemed out of place directed to these smiling, friendly little brown men and women. But we hadn't sailed much farther east before I saw some tangible evidence that explained that solemn warning.

Due to our deep draught and a mud bank that wasn't on the chart we spent several days at Tree River on Coronation Gulf. While we were lightering part of the cargo ashore I had a chance to look around. Tree River Post was made of tar-paper, shiplap and corrugated iron and there was only one solid thing in the vicinity. That was a marble headstone marking the graves of a trader and a mounted policeman. They had been shot by an Eskimo.

According to the post manager it had all been a tragic misunderstanding. The youthful prisoner had shot another Eskimo, true enough, but he bore no malice

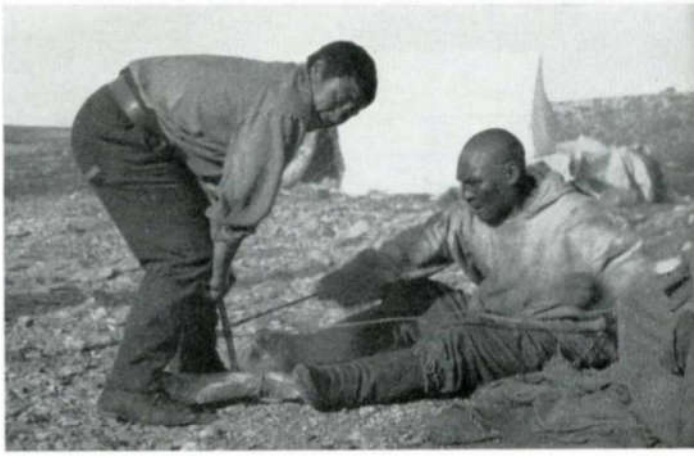
Carcasses in the rigging of "Baychimo"

Cutting off a mouthful



Supply ship at Tree River H B C post in 1921

Making fire the primitive way



against his captor until in some way he got the impression that he wasn't trusted. The feeling of mistrust resulted in fear and the double murder was a logical outcome of of that fear.

The guilty man surrendered peacefully when another policeman arrived to investigate and he was taken out before break-up to Herschel Island. The story went on to tell about the constable indenting for a new carbine after delivering his prisoner at Herschel. Asked by the sergeant if he had undertaken a sled trip of several hundred miles without a rifle his reply was said to have been: "Of course not! The prisoner had his thirty-thirty with him!"

I thought my leg was being pulled and probably it was. But the tale was perhaps founded on fact. Two winters later an incident at Cambridge Bay demonstrated to me that the story could easily have been true.

Constable Sam Dykes, a burly former Scots Guardsman, returned from a routine patrol to Patsy Klengenberg's post at Wilmot Island, bringing two prisoners, both facing murder charges. He told us when he arrived at Wilmot Island that Patsy greeted him with: "You're just too late. The prisoners were waiting for you, but when you didn't show up they moved out to the seal camp." This was a complete surprise to Dykes, who naturally asked, "What prisoners?" It turned out that a woman had shot her husband, and that a young man had shot someone else's husband, and all the constable had to do was to go out to the seal camp next day and pick them up. It was as simple as that. No gun battle . . . no wild pursuit across icy wastes.

Since there was, of course, no prison at Cambridge Bay the prisoners lived much the same life as the other Eskimo families while they awaited the arrival of the steamer. Nobody pried into their private problems and they became part of the small community. After the snow went off the land, while on my way inland to the fishing lakes, I often met the young man coming over a knoll with a .22 rifle in one hand and a brace of ducks in the other. We would smile at each other and go about our separate ways. It made me think back a couple of years and wonder what the reaction would have been if I had come back from lunch to the old office in Vancouver and casually remarked, "I just ran into so-and-so on the street—the fellow who murdered what's-his-name!"

The prisoners were taken out in the *Baychimo* and I have forgotten the exact sentences meted out to them. I only recall that they were treated leniently by the white man's court.

Perhaps one might say that our relations with the prisoners were less complicated than they were with the R.C.M.P., temporarily at least. I forget the reason for the feud between the H B C staff and the Police, which resulted in the sergeant sneaking over while we were asleep and painting the interior of one of our outbuildings with a very slow drying copper paint designed for the bottoms of boats. The score was evened a few days later when we succeeded in assembling a collapsible dinghy inside the corresponding structure at the barracks, and peace was restored.

Next spring I came in contact with another aspect of Eskimo life in the form of Toriak who was a medicine man of great repute. The first time I met him he arrived with one named Nootsiak, whose right arm hung limply at his side. Nootsiak was a man of about forty, old by

Coronation Gulf girl collecting fish oil

Eskimo standards, but there was nothing in his expression to show that he was suffering from anything more serious that a slight sprain.

David Morris, skipper of the *Fort MacPherson*, consulted his "Shipmaster's Medical Guide" and Sergeant Baker confirmed the diagnosis from the R.C.M.P. medical handbook. There was no doubt that Nootsiak had a dislocated shoulder. In spite of the faint grin on his face he must have been in intense pain.

That pain could have been nothing to what he must have felt in the next few minutes. There was nothing for it but to get on with the job of setting the bone back into the socket without benefit of anaesthetics. The skipper braced his knee in Nootsiak's armpit while Constable 'Newt' Millen's six-foot-three frame held the uninjured shoulder. A tug from the muscles that had sheeted home sails off Cape Horn snapped the bone back into place. It must have been agony, but Nootsiak's lips barely quivered. A drop of sweat ran down his forehead, but that might have been because it was a warm spring day—too warm to be inside a house, dressed in caribou-skin clothing.

Toriak beamed and pronounced in Eskimo that everything was all right now. He had brought Nootsiak over to the barracks because he knew the evil spirits would not dare to stay inside the white men's house. Later we found out that he collected a rifle from Nootsiak in payment for his "medical" services. The sergeant was hopping mad when he heard about that, but there was nothing he could do about it.

A short time afterwards, when the *Baychimo* was on her way east from Herschel, I was flattered by Toriak's interest in our wireless. None of the other Eskimos had ever appeared to be impressed by this array of gadgets that I presided over. At the best they seemed to regard them as some kind of an inferior gramophone that could not play cowboy music. There was no radio set at King William Land in those days, but the post manager there had told me about an old woman who used to tell him when the *Fort MacPherson* was coming. Her reports were checked against the schooner's log and it appeared the lady had a range of about fifty miles.

Toriak apparently had a much longer range. He would be over every afternoon to compare notes with me, in a brisk, no-nonsense manner that reminded me of a successful business man. Every day the position reported by the steamer's wireless checked with the place where Toriak had seen her in a dream the night before. Since the wireless reports didn't come in until noon he was at least six hours ahead of me.

My knowledge of the language was by no means fluent, so I tactfully left it to Toriak to keep the Eskimos advised. I imagine his stock went up when the *Baychimo* steamed into the bay on schedule. Anyway Toriak felt pleased enough about it to present me with a bracelet of musk-ox teeth, which happens to be the only souvenir of the Arctic that hasn't been lost in the process of moving from post to post.

While the steamer was unloading Toriak came close to having another patient. That was a lighthearted young Kogmolik who was longshoring, and who had observed the crew members leaping over the rail when the scow was loaded. He followed suit in good faith and landed with a terrific bump after a drop of about fifteen feet. Luckily he landed on some sacks of flour. He gave us an anxious moment or two while he lay on his back, blinking his eyes, and digesting the fact that the sailors had been sliding down a rope.

I must make it clear that it was my good fortune to encounter only the lighter side of life during my three winters in the Western Arctic. Others were not so lucky. During my last winter I twice had the sobering experience of transmitting the news of the death of a young apprentice who had been caught in one of the Arctic's unpredictable blizzards. Shortly after I arrived outside, the papers carried headlines telling how 'Newt' Millen was shot down by a crazed trapper in the Mackenzie River country. The story has been written up during the years in most of the adventure magazines and even gave new ideas to Hollywood, I believe. It has been told so many times that I only mention it here to show that the R.C.M.P. did not always have such amenable criminals to deal with as the two that Sam Dykes brought back from Wilmot Island. •

NORTHERN BOOKS

LORD SELKIRK OF RED RIVER

By John Morgan Gray. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1963. viii, 388 pages, maps, illus. $6.50

Reviewed by W. L. Morton

Selkirk has long been known well in part, but never before as a whole. Now it is possible to survey his career as a totality and see the man as an integral human being. The task of making it possible to see Selkirk as a whole, Mr Gray has discharged admirably. His book is scholarly in its care and is instinct with feeling. He has obviously studied Selkirk, and Lady Selkirk, until he knew them intimately as persons, and he writes of them with both the objectivity of a scholar and the understanding of a friend. His book is a fine and readable biography, and it puts Selkirk as a man in a new and revealing light.

The difficulty for any student of the material hitherto published on Selkirk was to decide to what extent Selkirk was to be taken seriously as a man of action, or dismissed as an impracticable and petulant visionary. (The Selkirk presented by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell in *The Nor'-Westers* and *McGillivray—Lord of the Northwest*, is quite incredible except as a creature of Nor'Wester frenzy.) Until the late A. S. Morton's *History of the Canadian West* appeared, the business-like character of Selkirk's relations with the Hudson's Bay Company had not been apparent. Chester Martin saw clearly the relationship of the Red River colony to the competition for the trade of the Athabasca, and J. P. Pritchett gave a strikingly concrete account of Selkirk's plans for, and work for, the colony itself. Professor P. C. T. White and The Champlain Society performed a similar service for the Selkirk settlement in Prince Edward Island. All these accounts of Selkirk's work, however, lacked background and a sense of the man's personal integrity and of the career he forfeited to pursue his chosen work. This reviewer must confess that he always viewed Selkirk's career with reserve. I thought it that of a visionary, of a man whose talents lacked co-ordination between what the man envisioned and what he attempted, with the result that in the end Selkirk marred his noble work by a headstrong impracticability and ended in a mire of law suits.

It is now possible to see Selkirk as a man of outstanding ability and integrity who chose to pursue a career of great risk and little return when he might have followed one of dignity and possibly of distinction in the parliamentary and social life of England. He chose to do so because he thought he could diminish misery in the Highlands of the evictions, and the Ireland of approaching potato famines, by assisting colonization. He risked his family's wealth and in the end broke his own health to do so. In this he is of the company of Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, the great philanthropists of his and the succeeding generation.

Lord Selkirk, from a portrait believed to have been done in Canada 1815-18

McCord Museum, McGill University

In his chosen career, that of colonizer, he sought to give a lead in the tremendous migration that carried British people, all too often blindly, to America and Australia. He sought to turn a necessary migration to imperial advantage. He sought, by forethought and management, to mitigate the rigours of migration by poor people in the days of sail. That failure impaired all his efforts, that all that he attempted was small among the movement of millions of people, is beside the point. All the great colonizers, Wakefield and Grey, failed in the age of *laissez-faire*. Yet they were right: systematic colonization, improved by experiment, would have eased the hardships and quickened the successes of colonization.

The example of William Penn in the past, of Cecil Rhodes in the future, of the Canada Company in Upper Canada, of any northern townsite today in northern Canada, reveal how much adequate capital and planning mean in the occupation of new territory. Selkirk was a man of rare courage and sensitivity who gave his life to trying to make a great historic process, the main migration from Britain, more intelligent and more humane than it was. He did so with exceptional ability and extraordinary integrity.

To show Selkirk in such terms is a great service. Mr Gray has performed another in at last sorting out the tangle of the law suits in the two Canadas. The law officers, it is now established, and courts were hopelessly prejudiced against Selkirk. His technical errors were exaggerated, the rough tactics of the Nor'Westers given every consideration. It is good to see Selkirk's name cleared so convincingly. The best that can be said for the other side—it is a matter deserving study—is that the Nor'Westers were among the "best people" of the Canadas, and all the best people thought the North West fur trade of first importance to Canada. Selkirk to them was like a man who proposed to take away the grain trade from Winnipeg.

Mr Gray has given us Selkirk whole. He has also given us Jean Douglas, Lady Selkirk, Selkirk's ever loyal and wholly charming wife. Lady Douglas is one of the many rewards of this important and delightful book.

Author of numerous books and head of the Department of History at the University of Manitoba, Professor Morton was recently appointed provost of the new University College now being set up.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA: A HISTORY

By Philip Carrington. Collins, Toronto, 1963. 320 pages, maps, illus. $5.50

Reviewed by L. G. Thomas

Canadian Anglicans have a habit of deprecating the achievements of their communion, of writing as if

the fact that the Anglican church is only the third largest religious body in Canada is in itself a proof of failure. They are also inclined to preserve a public reticence about their internal differences of opinion, though privately they are remarkably uninhibited in controversy. Archbishop Carrington, who spent most of his early years in New Zealand and Australia, does not suffer from these preconceptions. He is aware of the fact that the remarkable thing about the early history of his church in Canada is not its failure to become the faith of the majority but its success in maintaining a ministry that not only covered the settled parts of the country but also reached out to the frontier and beyond it. He also gives full recognition to the fact that party controversy, so marked a feature of 19th century Canadian Anglicanism, gave a vigorous prod to Anglican activism. Had bishops like Strachan, Medley and Anson not given encouragement and protection to Tractarian-minded priests and laymen, the church in Canada would have been denied the stimulus of the most vital movement in the English church in the mid-19th century. It would have been equally unfortunate had the high churchmen had everything their own way. There was little danger of this while the evangelicals could count on the leadership of a Cronyn, a Hellmuth or a Machray. Dr Carrington would appreciate the aptness of the observation of one his archiepiscopal brethren, that the stream of Anglicanism is unusual in that it runs deepest and strongest at its edges.

Though the author is one of the most distinguished scholars of the Canadian church, this book is written not for the specialist in church history but for the interested layman. It fulfills its purpose admirably. Dr Carrington has a complicated story to tell, for the life of the church is the life of the dioceses and their diversity reflects the diversity of the vast area that only rather lately become a single political unit. He is remarkably successful in relating the history of the church to the general history of Canada, though occasionally his judgments are not in the latest historical fashion, for instance his reference to Mackenzie and Papineau as "irresponsible revolutionaries." He writes with humour and happily has not entirely resisted the temptation to stray into an occasional anecdotal byway. Part of the charm of the book lies in the fact that, although well within the canon of historical objectivity, it has nevertheless a devotional flavor, for Archbishop Carrington succeeds in communicating his own excitement about the progress of Anglicanism in this country.

There is some evidence that the book was written in haste for, though the writing is usually most lucid, there are passages here and there that would have gained in clarity from editorial revisions. The paragraph about Bishop Hills on page 123 is particularly confusing. Occasionally a sentence or a paragraph is too stuffed with names to be digestible. The index is not entirely reliable. Minor inaccuracies, or what the reader suspects are inaccuracies, intrude from time to time. These are small flaws that could easily be corrected in the second edition *The Anglican Church in Canada* seems likely to justify.

Head of the Department of History at the University of Alberta, Professor Thomas has made a particular study of ecclesiastical history in Canada.

DAVID THOMPSON'S NARRATIVE, 1784-1812

A new edition with added material. Edited with an introduction and notes by Richard Glover. The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1962. cii, 410 pages. Issued to members.

Reviewed by V. G. Hopwood

David Thompson's Narrative of his twenty-seven years in western North America holds a special place among explorers' journals. For scope and intensity of sustained exploration it is surpassed only by Captain Cook's three Voyages. Among Canadian works it is exceeded as a source of information about contemporary characters and conditions only by Alexander Henry the younger's journals. For story and description it is matched only by Samuel Hearne's *Journey to the Northern Ocean* and Alexander Henry the elder's *Travels and Adventures*. In addition it has considerable value as a source for natural history and anthropology. All of these reasons make its re-issue by The Champlain Society a welcome if overdue event.

The basic text of the new edition is the same as that prepared by J. B. Tyrrell for the original publication in 1916. On the whole it accurately transcribes the main version of Thompson's manuscript and deserves to be considered standard. At the same time, it is regrettable that a number of minor misreadings were left uncorrected in the new edition, including the omission of a statement descriptive of the Cree diet which should be included on page 72: "for they have no vegetables during winter, and only berries during the open season, yet they suffer no inconvenience for want of vegetable food." The late Vilhjalmur Stefansson, at least, would have considered this clause substantial.

The new edition is more complete than the original, since it publishes in full for the first time a chapter by Thompson describing his life on the Saskatchewan plains between the ages of sixteen and twenty. This section became separated from the main manuscript sometime before Tyrrell first edited it, and was not identified until 1957, although it was housed with the manuscript in the Ontario Provincial Archives. My own speculation as to how the part became divided from the whole is based on its exceptional story value. Someone, perhaps Charles Lindsey who sold the manuscript to Tyrrell, once had thoughts of publishing it separately.

J. B. Tyrrell's original introduction, which remains the main source of published information on Thompson, has been replaced by a new one by the new editor, Richard Glover, professor of history at the University of Manitoba, who prepared a sensitive edition of Hearne's *Journey* a few years ago. Professor Glover wisely chose not to recapitulate Tyrrell's outline of Thompson's life, but to concentrate on a couple of points in Thompson's life where there is previously unconsidered information. The new evidence is lucidly and vigorously presented.

To an historian a standing myth is a standing challenge. Myths need continually to be questioned and redefined. The myth of Thompson as a near saint obviously provokes attention. Using the correspondence in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Professor Glover shows that Thompson was not a good business man in his early years with the Company—a conclusion quite in keeping with Thompson's later private failure in business.

Glover also disposes of the myth that Thompson was badly treated by the Hudson's Bay Company. On the contrary he was shown considerable favour by his superiors. However, Thompson would not have been a subject for discussion if he had accepted his routine success within the

Company as the meaningful element in his life. Thompson became important when he saw that the opportunity for geographical exploration lay in the ranks of the North West Company and chose to follow his star rather than cling to a relatively sheltered shore. And if Thompson was unnecessarily obnoxious in his manner of taking leave of the Company, the significant point is still that taking his departure was the basic decision which allowed him to make his contribution to Canadian exploration and geography.

In the 1930s there was a controversy between J. B. Tyrrell and Arthur Morton over the latter's contention that Duncan McGillivray and David Thompson crossed the Rockies in 1801. Professor Glover lays the ghost of that argument. There was no such crossing.

On the other hand Professor Glover resurrects Morton's contention that Thompson failed through cowardice and lack of judgment to forestall the Astorians in reaching the mouth of the Columbia River. Comparing Thompson's account of the 1810-11 journey with the information to be found in the journals of the younger Alexander Henry, Glover shows that Thompson's *Narrative* leaves out much that needs to be explained. He infers that Thompson was suppressing essential detail in order to hide, without actually lying, the story of what Morton and Glover consider his great failure. However, when Thompson came east after completing his survey of the Columbia, the partners of the North West Company treated him as anything but a failure.

It should be pointed out that this part of Thompson's *Narrative* is a first draft and seems to be written, contrary to Thompson's usual practice, without reference to his original journals. It is impossible to guess how much more detail might have been included had it been rewritten as most of the *Narrative* was. The suggestion of both Morton and Glover that "Thompson did away with the evidence about his conduct in this period" hardly seems "worth considering." Other Thompson documents are or were missing. Some of them have come to light in the last thirty years, for example a report to the McGillivray brothers made by David Thompson on his explorations in 1801. It duplicates, presumably, another missing part of Thompson's journals, and is referred to by Professor Glover in his introduction. Apart from accidental loss or destruction, it is possible that the relevant parts of Thompson's journals were borrowed by someone in authority during the negotiations leading up to the Oregon boundary settlement in 1846.

From Professor Glover's introduction emerges the possibility of a new look at Thompson—not as a myth, but as a human with grudges and biases. Although the old two-dimensional picture is scarred, there emerges some of the material of a portrait with depth. The debunking will undoubtedly stimulate a number of responses, some merely indignant, some with knowledge. I expect that the final version will be closer to Tyrrell's sympathetic picture of one great surveyor by another than to Glover's portrait of a malicious and timorous Puritan. What is missing in Professor Glover's portrait of Thompson is the effort, which was so marked a feature of his work on Hearne, to understand the man he is writing about.

Professor Hopwood is in the Department of English at the University of British Columbia. While doing research on David Thompson in the Ontario Archives he recognized the missing manuscript that has now been incorporated in the "Narrative."

WILLIAM FRASER TOLMIE: PHYSICIAN AND FUR TRADER

Mitchell Press, Vancouver, 1963. 424 pages, illus. $9.75

Reviewed by John S. Galbraith

Amidst the names of McLoughlin, Douglas, and Ogden, that of William Fraser Tolmie receives relatively little attention in histories of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast. In part this relative obscurity is due to the fact that Tolmie did not reach a position of great authority until after the turbulent years of the Oregon controversy. But Tolmie's personality lacked the colour which creates legends. He was a sober, hard-working Scot who did his job dependably and well. Such men, however invaluable, rarely attain lasting renown.

Tolmie's journals have for many years been available for scholars at the Provincial Archives of British Columbia. They were authorized for publication by the owner of the diaries, Tolmie's grand-daughter, the late Jean Tolmie Andrews. The editors of the present volume rightly maintain that the substance and style of these journals should make them of interest to historians and anthropologists. Indeed they may be read with enjoyment by a wider audience than specialists on the Pacific Coast or the Hudson's Bay Company, for they deal with a great variety of subjects in an entertaining manner. The diaries begin with Tolmie's last years as a medical student at Glasgow University. They record his voyage around Cape Horn to Hawaii and thence to Vancouver and his experiences in the Company's service at Fort Nisqually, Fort McLoughlin, and other posts. Finally there is an account of his experiences in Paris during a leave in 1842.

Tolmie was endowed with great intellectual curiosity and his notations deal with every phase of life—fauna and flora—which he observed around him. His interests extended beyond his medical profession to botany, ornithology, customs of the Hawaiians and the Indians, phrenology, and a vast array of seemingly unrelated topics.

A true Scottish Calvinist, he was dominated by the mandate of work and continuous self-improvement. He could not relax in comfort; he must be doing something "useful," and the diaries reveal almost unremitting activity.

The editors have included among the appendices a paper by Tolmie's son on his father, delivered at a meeting of the British Columbia Historical Society in 1934, and a genealogy of the descendants of Tolmie. The book is also illustrated with a number of photographs which enhance the interest of the diaries.

The Tolmie journals certainly deserved publication, but this reviewer regrets that the editors contented themselves with transcription rather than providing a scholarly

Reprinted

EXPEDITIONS TO THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

By P. D. Baird

This 16-page pamphlet lists sea and land expeditions from earliest times to 1918, naming leaders, vessels, objectives and results, and publications describing each of the expeditions.

Available for 35 cents from
The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

introduction and a thorough editing of the manuscripts. They justify their decision by the statement that "almost endless annotation would be possible," and that "such a scholarly task must be left to the research it is hoped the availability of the Tolmie journals will inspire in years to come." But the research is already available in published form which would have made possible just such an edition as the editors have left to posterity. A further deficiency of the volume is the complete inadequacy of the "index" which will be of practically no use to anyone seeking to discover any specific information from the diaries. The format of the book is attractive and the typography is excellent.

Professor of British Empire history at the University of California, Dr Galbraith has done much research into H B C history and is the author of "The Hudson's Bay Company as an Imperial Factor 1821-69."

WEST ON THE 49th PARALLEL
Red River to the Rockies, 1872-1876

By John E. Parsons. William Morrow, New York; McLeod Limited. Toronto. 1963. 208 pages, maps, illus. $6.00

Reviewed by George F. G. Stanley

Students of Canadian history are generally familiar with the political arrangements by which the frontier was fixed between Canada and the United States, the Treaty of Versailles, the Treaty of Ghent, the Convention of 1818, the Webster-Ashburton agreement, the Oregon Treaty, the Alaska boundary settlement. These are the stock in trade of every text book on the history of Canada. So, too, are the controversies that arose from the interpretations of these various treaties and agreements, the Maine-New Brunswick, Grand Portage, San Juan, and Alaska boundary disputes. Perhaps less familiar to Canadians were the differences between Canada and Newfoundland over the Labrador boundary, and bending of the 45th parallel to the north in order to accommodate the Americans who had commenced a strong military work near Rouses Point on what was later realized was Canadian territory. These controversies are familiar to us, because they were important factors in our political history and in the development of our sense of national identity.

But nowhere has the story been available to readers of how the boundary line was actually determined on the spot. There is no readily available account of the hardships, the difficulties, and the problems both physical and political, that attended the survey of the line separating Canada from the United States. Not, at least, until the appearance of this book. What the author has done is to tell part of the story; that is the part dealing with the international boundary extending along the 49th parallel from the Northwest Angle of Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains.

Mr Parsons is an American. He was formerly attached to the U.S. Naval Intelligence, and now devotes his energies to writing history. He has prepared four books on American frontier firearms and has contributed various articles to *Montana* and to the *New York Historical Quarterly*. For this present book he has drawn material from manuscript sources, including diaries, journals and letters of participants, and from printed government reports, both British and American. Mr Parsons' book is not a major contribution to historiography. It is, however, a readable and useful footnote on Canadian-American relations. The author has written without bias. It is clear that he has little affection for the British boundary commissioner, Captain Donald R. Cameron, R. A.—but then, neither did Cameron's British associates.

Aside from the details of the story, the arrangements to combat boredom (a suitable library of books) and possible Indian attacks (a force of Métis cavalry), the difficulties arising from the terrain and the hordes of voracious mosquitoes, the most interesting sections of this book are those that deal with the clash of temperaments and points of view of the British and American commissioners. Who, with any Highland blood in him, would have expected a Cameron and a Campbell to work together in harmony! Cameron, a son-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper and later commandant of the Royal Military College of Canada, was determined to do what he could to save every bit of ground for Canada, even if those bits were measured in inches. Campbell was prepared to do likewise for the United States. And why not! That the irritations of the commissioners did not develop into international incidents was owing largely to the determination of Great Britain to obtain an accommodation with the United States. The signatures had only recently been inscribed on the Treaty of Washington and appeasement was London's policy in all matters relating to Washington. And so we have those absurd anomalies, the Northwest Angle and Point Roberts.

The book has some very interesting illustrations, a note on sources, an adequate index and an insufficient number of maps. All in all, it is a worthwhile effort that should be repeated for the remaining sections of the "undefended frontier."

Professor Stanley, author of the recently published book on Riel, is Dean of Arts at the Royal Military College of Canada at Kingston.

BOOKS may be obtained through the book departments at the Hudson's Bay Company retail stores in Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg; and Henry Morgan & Co. Limited, at Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton.

SUBSCRIBE TO The Beaver

Published quarterly, One year $2 ☐ Three years $5 ☐

Write or mail this form with remittance to

The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg 1, Canada

(Please make cheques payable to Hudson's Bay Company)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OJIBWA TALES

These stories about Nanabush or Nanabozho were related to Dr Elizabeth E. Cass of the Indian Health Services by Indian friends on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron.

NANABUSH

The great spirit, Manitou, put the Indians to live on Manitoulin Island, and he said that no thunder, lightning, nor evil spirit would harm the inhabitants as the water would draw them away. Manitoulin is the Island of Manitou, but the chief mythical personality about whom all the Indians talk is Nanabush, sometimes a god, sometimes a devil, sometimes an ordinary mortal, and often a mischievous child. The stories about him are legion for he has many sides to his character; lovable, Rabelaisian, lazy and a rascal, the Indians can always get a laugh out of his doings. Almost as famous as himself is his old "granny," who lived with him, is the butt of his jokes, and for whom he has some kind of affection.

NANABUSH AND MANITOU

Nanabush seems to have been with Manitou when the world was created, and it was Nanabush's task to allot the animals the food they should eat in the world. To the Bear he gave the honey and the berries; to the Squirrel the nuts; to the wild Boar the acorns; and to the Deer the grass, and so on. But as is always the way he could not please everyone: and the Rabbit was furious because the Deer had been given the grass and he had wanted it; nothing else would satisfy him. He stamped with his hind feet in fury, and protested angrily. Finally Nanabush became annoyed and bored with this importunate Rabbit, so he picked him up by the ears, still squealing and furious, and he said to him, "Rabbit I am tired of this; I am going to throw you in the air, and the plant on which you land shall be your food." He swung the Rabbit round, faster, and faster and then let go, and the Rabbit flew up in the air, and then fell down plop, right in the heart of a cabbage, and that is why Rabbits like to eat cabbage.

NANABUSH'S MARRIAGE

At one time Nanabush seems to have been a chief and a hunter, and the story goes that he and his men had many rich furs to trade. They went on a long sea voyage and at length came to the country of the white man. There Nanabush fell in love with the white governor's daughter, and in spite of great opposition, he won her love, and took her away with him to his own country. He brought her back to his people who were pleased, because she was very lovely, friendly, and kind, and Nanabush loved her greatly.

One day he said to her, "I want you to live forever; you shan't be like the rest of us. I want you always to be remembered, and to be a perpetual blessing to my people. So he turned her into a tamarack tree, and to this day the Indians believe that this tree has medicinal properties.

NANABUSH AND THE DUCKS

There are several tales about Nanabush eating roast duck, to which he seems very partial. Here is one:

Nanabush was sitting lazily doing nothing when he felt hungry, and he saw five little ducks waddling by. He called to them, and told them that he was going to sing to them but first they must stand in a row, and all shut their eyes. This the silly ducks did, and Nanabush, singing loudly, picked up the first duck and wrung its neck. Due to his singing the other ducks never heard the faint squawk it made. He then got busy on the second, then the third duck, but the last little duck peeped. In front he saw the cat making violent signs to him, so he turned around and saw Nanabush wringing the neck of the fourth duck; without any more ado he fled as fast as he could go. Nanabush was furious at losing the duck, and he seized hold of the poor cat, and carefully split his ears, making the cat howl with pain, and that is why every cat now has a little split in the bottom of his ears.

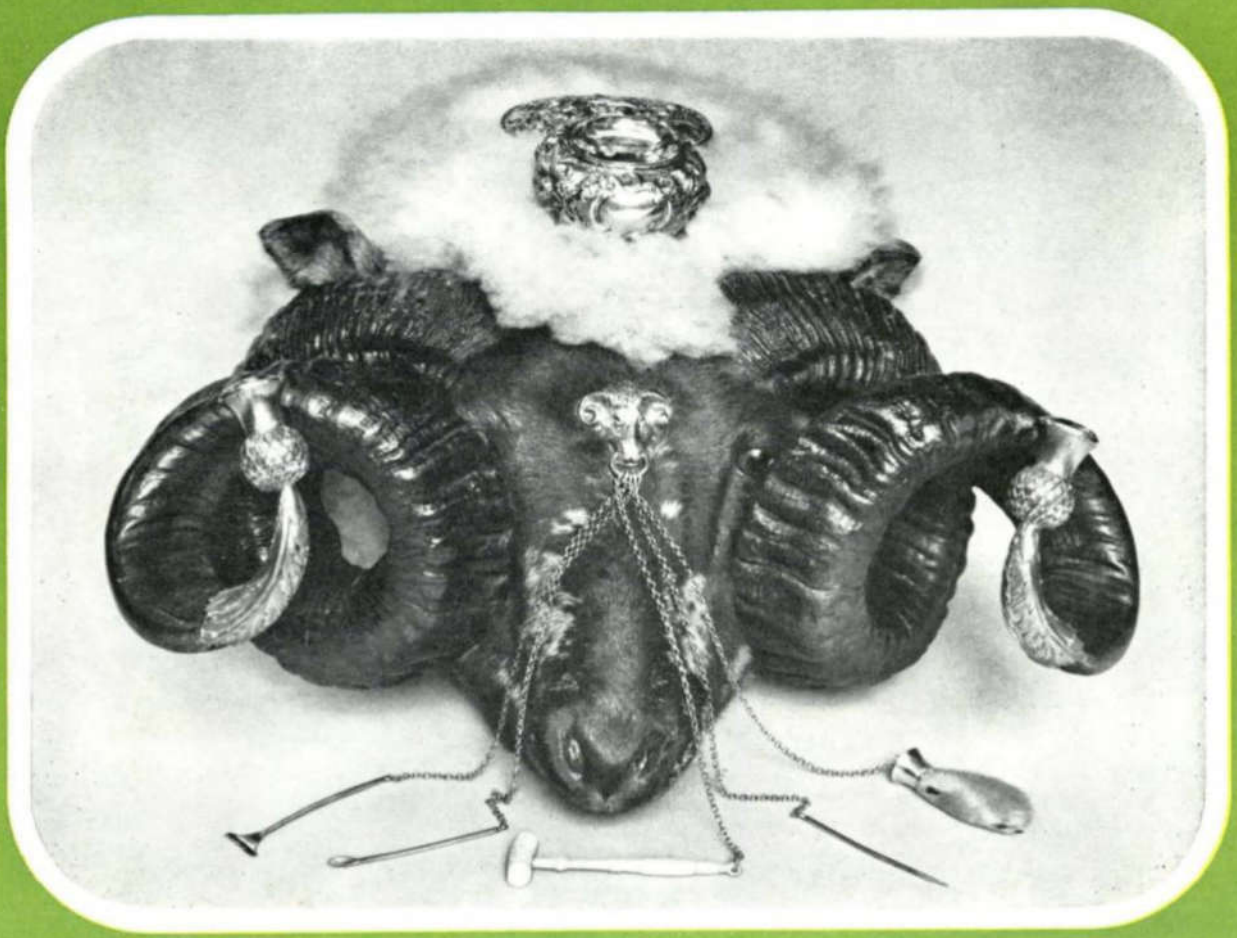
The cat fled, and Nanabush put the ducks to roast over the fire, and being tired and sleepy, and lazy as usual, he sat on the fire, and told his bottom to tell him when the ducks were cooked. Presently his bottom woke him up to tell him that the legs of the ducks were cooked, so Nanabush ate them, and being still sleepy instructed his bottom to wake him when the rest of the ducks were cooked. But his bottom was annoyed and did not wake him, and when he woke he felt very uncomfortable because his bottom was burnt, and worse still the ducks were cooked to a cinder.

"Why didn't you wake me?" he said to his bottom.

"Why should I?" said his bottom, "You sat me on the fire and made me very uncomfortable."

Then Nanabush put his hands on his bottom to feel the damage, and his bottom was so hot that he burnt his hands, and yelled out in pain. "There you are," said his bottom, "Now you know what I have been going through."

Nanabush was so uncomfortable that he took off all his clothes and slid naked over some large rocks to cool his bottom, and he seized the willow bushes, and rubbed his palms on them to cool his hands, and where he rubbed his bottom over the stones, the first moss grew from the skin he had left behind, and where he rubbed his hands on the willow, the blood made the willow red; and that is the origin of the red willows.



A RELIC OF SIR GEORGE SIMPSON

Among the belongings left by Sir George Simpson, Hudson's Bay Company Governor in Chief of Rupert's Land, at his estate in Dorval near Montreal on his death in 1860 was "One Rams Head Mull valued at Eight dollars." This curious piece was acquired by the Company some hundred years later from a grand-daughter of Simpson and is now in the Winnipeg headquarters. There is no record of how this mull came to Simpson, but the hall-mark on the snuff compartment shows it was made in Edinburgh in the year 1855.

The Scottish mull (or mill) was a snuff-box which originally had a grinder. Some were elaborated into massive table-mulls, such as this one, which is set on three wheels. The ram's head, surmounted by a piece of sheepskin, has two silver mounted compartments set between the horns, one for cigars and one for snuff, the latter topped with a large crystal. The silver tipped horns are also finished with foiled stones. Attached to the mull by silver chains are the little implements used by snuff-takers: a snuff rake, a spoon or nose-shovel, an ivory mallet to tap the side of the mull should the snuff adhere, a bodkin to separate it if damp, and a hare's foot to brush loose particles from the upper lip.

Properties by kind permission The Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto

. . . grandsire of a distinguished family of fine things for good living

There is no blanket in all the world quite like the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket. For one thing, it is woven today as it has been for a couple of centuries, in England, from 100 per cent virgin wool. For another, it is impossible to shrink and the nap is luxuriously deep and warm. A Hudson's Bay Point Blanket will last a lifetime, fifty years of service not being in the least unusual. For the history-minded, the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket is one of the few surviving links with the early fur trade when identical blankets to these were worth more in trading with the Indians than cash in hand. It has had the most distinguished and colorful career of any blanket ever made. Yet for all this, the Hudson's Bay Point Blanket is reasonably priced and a fine investment for anyone. For your nearest place of purchase, write to Hudson's Bay Blanket Division, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Canada.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670